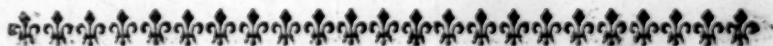




THE
POLITE PRECEPTOR;
AND
IMPROVING MORALIST.



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POLITE PRECEPTOR

IMPROVING MORALIST

THE NEW YORK

ALLEGORIES

POLITE PRECEPTOR

THE NEW YORK

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Printed for A. S. B. & Co. by J. S. B. & Co.

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THE
POLITE PRECEPTOR; K

OR,
IMPROVING MORALIST.

CONSISTING OF
A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF
RELATIONS, VISIONS, ALLEGORIES,

AND
MORAL ESSAYS.

SELECTED FROM
THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH AUTHORS.

Compiled at the Request of

A NOBLE LADY,

AND
Designed for the USE of SCHOOLS.

‘ Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
‘ To teach the young idea how to shoot,
‘ To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
‘ To breathe th’ enliv’ning spirit, and to fix
‘ The gen’rous purpose in the glowing breast.’

LONDON:

Printed for R. SNAGG, at No. 29. *Pater-noster Row*.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

THE
POLITE PRECEPTOR;
OR,
IMPROVING MORALIST.
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
RELATIONS, VICES, AND VIRTUES,
AND
MORAL ESSAYS.

THE MOST FAVORABLE AUTHORITY.
BY
A. D. Y.



Designed for the USE of SCHOOLS.
 • To be used in the first stage
 • To be used in the second stage
 • To be used in the third stage
 • To be used in the fourth stage
 • To be used in the fifth stage

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODD, in the Strand.



T H E

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

READING is universally allowed to be one of the most improving, as well as agreeable amusements; but then, to render it so, we should, among the number of books which are perpetually issuing from the press, endeavour to single out such as promise to be most conducive to those ends. Novels and Romances, though many of them contain some few good morals, are not worth picking out of the rubbish intermixed; 'tis like searching for a few small diamonds, amongst mountains of dirt, which, when
A found,

ii INTRODUCTION.

found, are too inconsiderable to reward the search. The best of these kind of writings, to say no worse, is little better than loss of time to peruse; but some of them are attended with the most pernicious consequences. By drawing characters which never exist in life, by representing persons and things in a false and extravagant light, and by a series of improbable causes bringing on impossible events, they are apt to give a romantick turn to the mind, that is often productive of great errors in judgment, and fatal mistakes of conduct. Those who are intrusted with the care of youth should be particularly careful, to keep far from them every production that tends to the contamination of their morals, and furnish them with those best adapted to their improvement. An instance of shining virtue in any age, cannot be too often proposed as a
pat-

INTRODUCTION. iii

pattern, nor the fatality of misconduct too much impressed on the minds of the youth of both sexes. The following sheets are calculated to amuse at the same time that they instruct: and as the greatest pains have been taken to render vice odious, and to set off its amiable contrast, virtue, in the most striking light, the editor flatters herself that the labours of a pen (never more pleasingly employed than in the service of the public) will be received by them with the approving smiles of candour and approbation. The number of these kind of books already extant, rendered it rather difficult to find a title that might convey a true idea of the work; but by the word POLITE, I would have my readers to understand, I mean not to present them with a modern romantick composition, nor to initiate them into all the fashionable follies

iv INTRODUCTION.

of the age. The true definition of politeness, 'is,' to call it, 'all moral virtues in epitome. It is a combination of discretion, civility, complaisance and circumspection; to pay every one the respects they have a right to demand of us; besides an exact knowledge of decorum, and of what every one owes to his respective quality, duly to maintain his character as becomes him; and all this must be dressed and set off with an agreeable and insinuating air diffused through all our words and actions."

Few young ladies (especially those who receive their education in a public seminary) have the opportunity of making themselves acquainted with a variety of authors; nor have they any cause to wish it: since a few books well chosen are of far more utility in the improvement of their understanding, than the perusal

INTRODUCTION. v

rusal of numbers, at an age in which their youth and inexperience renders them incapable of making a judicious choice. There are certainly many valuable authors that may be perused by youth without any detriment to their morals: but as the fortune of some parents (who would wish to see their off-spring inspired with the love of virtue) will not permit them to purchase a variety of books; they may, by presenting them with the following essays, have the satisfaction of making them conversant with some of our most eminent authors; and of impressing on their tender minds, an early relish for morality and virtue.

To those also who have finished their education, and, either through giddiness or inattention, have not yet acquired a taste for literary amusements, this work may prove both an useful and acceptable present. The

en-

vi INTRODUCTION.

entertaining and instructive stories it contains, will direct their attention to authors they were before unacquainted with, or had looked upon as unworthy their perusal. Numbers deprive themselves of the benefit of improvement only because a book at first sight appears insipid; or because the title-page contains nothing that is sprightly. How many young ladies have I seen take up a valuable author, and, after having run over a few pages, throw it down with an air of disdain; (at the same time exclaiming) 'Pshaw! what ridiculous stuff! 'tis all preface; the author certainly was asleep when he wrote this!' What a barren and uncultivated understanding does this betray! and how despicable does it make a young lady appear in the eyes of a man of judgment.

To pass in review a female whose understanding is utterly uncultivated:
what

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what is there to correct her passions, or to govern her practice? What is there to direct her in the choice of her companions and diversions; to guard her against the follies of her own sex, and the arts of the male; in short to prevent her falling into any or every snare that may be laid for her? Suppose her to have received from nature the seeds of common sense.

Do these require no attentions to raise them? or is this most useful plant to be reared without the aid of experience? But where, or how is that to be obtained by a young lady? Must she discover the wiles and wickedness of Libertines by conversing with them? must she learn how to defend against danger by having run into it; or how to avoid the blandishments of pleasure, by having felt its bitterness? By men the knowledge of the world is com-

2 mon-

viii INTRODUCTION.

monly gathered in it; but a female that acts upon the same plan is lost: and she who would effectually escape dishonour and remorse, reproach and ridicule, must endeavour to know the world from books, to collect experience from those who bought it, and to shun the misconduct herself, by observing the calamities it has occasioned to others.

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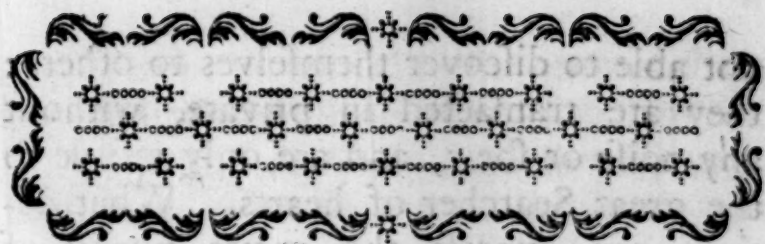
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THE



THE POLITE PRECEPTOR:

OR,

IMPROVING MORALIST.



GOD the only Judge of mens intentions.

“ No slumber seals the eye of Providence,

“ Present to every action we commence.”

DRYDEN.

T HERE are many virtues, which
in their own nature are inca-
pable of any outward represen-
tation; many silent perfections
in the soul of a good man, which are
great ornaments to human nature, but
B not

not able to discover themselves to others: they are transacted in private, without any noise or shew, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can express the entire purity of thought, which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man? that secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition? that inward pleasure and complacency, which he feels in doing good? that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of others? These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of the soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but makes the soul lovely and precious in his sight from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object, and a fit conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude
of

of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity; and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures; and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same action may represent a man as hypocritical and designing

to one, which makes him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object. So that, on this account also, he is the only proper Judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further : It is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul ; because they can never shew the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only shew us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree

degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last intire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection.

Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits; since all others must judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a just estimate of us; since there are many perfections of a man, which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of shewing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the degree,

strength and perfection of those principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only Judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit Rewarder of them.

This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form a notion of a being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it? Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desires of fame this way; and, that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the Great Judge of mankind, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Master.'

REPROOF AND REPROACH.

A VISION.

“ From the vile flatterer turn away ;
“ For knaves make friendships to betray.”

I Was considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to taking a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the groveling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him, the debasing himself with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger ; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep ; but I grew confused as that came upon me, and it made me end my re-

lections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking fast, to get rid of the company I despised; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of one for the other, in those to whom they appear singly: but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and, by turns, constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly, when he whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion: ‘Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall presently see him transformed into a
‘tyger.’

‘tyger.’ This struck me with horror; which the other perceived, and pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage; for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather endeavour to reform than rail against) he would, however, try to rescue me from my danger.

At this I looked a little more chearful; and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion, through his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him, at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so affrighted me.

As we went along; ‘To inform you,’ says he, ‘with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her; and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but awhile after, Enmity laying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw with
B 5 ‘me.

‘me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind, which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.’

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay aside of one another.

We passed into the middlemost, a plain, strait, regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over the head, as to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to observe how the road on one side was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and, at the
end

end of every grassy walk, the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers, to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, 'till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved, with a heart upon the lips of it; and presently recollected that this was the ancient emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of speech, and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof had so happily brought them together, that they now acted as friends and fellow-agents in the same family.

Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear, and I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind. Here the window was no sooner opened,

than I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view, from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes, or parrots; and, in short, whenever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance.

The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one side of his neck like a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation, made them turn into assemblies of geese; their lips hardened to bills, by eternal using; they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which

which formed wings for them to flutter with, from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground, with the heads of different sorts of serpents; and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the face of crocodiles, their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies; and these they were still stretching out for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions.

The sharpers had the looks of cameleons; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies, which

which fell as so many dupes amongst them.

The bully seemed a dunghill-cock ; he crested well, and bore his comb aloft ; he was beaten by almost every one, and yet still sung for triumph. Critics were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear ; the lechers were goats, and the gluttons swine.

Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature ; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons ; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower rank of beings are guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things, without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw ; my eyes began

began to moisten, and as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from passion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed me as follows.

‘ You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity ;
‘ now therefore guard yourself from that
‘ degeneracy by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame
‘ on the other. Endeavour also, with a
‘ generosity of goodness, to make your
‘ friends aware of it ; let them know what
‘ defects you perceive growing upon
‘ them ; handle the matter as you see
‘ reason, either with the airs of severe or
‘ humourous affection ; sometimes plainly
‘ describing the degeneracy in its full proper
‘ colours, or, at other times, letting them
‘ know that if they proceed as they have
‘ begun, they will appear to every discern-
‘ ing person as the beasts I have represented.’

My

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promising to write down what I had seen for the benefit of mankind, when a zealous old servant came hastily into my room, and awoke me from my dream.

A N

AN ORIGINAL LETTER

From a young Lady in the country, to
her friend in town.

“ Be good yourself, nor think another’s shame

“ Can raise your merit, or adorn your fam..”

LYTTLETON.

FROM the friendship that has so long
subsisted between us, I flatter myself
that I may, without offending, intreat my
dearest Charlotte to listen a few moments
to the admonitions of a friendly pen. It
was, my dear, with the greatest concern,
that in your last rural excursion, I beheld
a total change in a disposition once so
truly amiable. Yes, my Charlotte, those
winning graces that formerly gained the
admiration of all who knew you, have
insensibly given way to a passion of all
others most destructive to our sex. The
reason alas! is too evident; you have
been disappointed of the wish that was
nearest to your heart: but consider, my
dearest girl, the degradation of others, is
by no means sufficient to redress your
own

own private grievances. The young lady whom you look upon to have supplanted you in the affections of Mr. R*** (though, if I may take the liberty of speaking my own sentiments, I really think his professions to you (in whatever light you might take them) extended no farther, than to the most pure and disinterested friendship) is possessed of youth, beauty, good sense, in short, every attraction that can render her an object worthy the attention of a man of merit. She used no arts to ensnare the captive. Her manners are easy and unaffected; and innocence and virtue (till your last visit at the grove) were her distinguishing characteristics. Pardon me if I say, that your behaviour that evening was unworthy of my Charlotte; and that it gives me infinite concern when I reflect with what artful insinuations you endeavoured to murder her reputation in the opinion of the company. In the name of goodness, my dear, what advantage could you propose in attempting to render odious the character of a woman who has ever treated you with the greatest respect? I say attempt, because

because I have the satisfaction of knowing that nothing can, in reality, render her odious, who is by nature formed so extremely perfect. Had those envious manœuvres even proved successful, how poor would have been the triumph! Could you have transferred to yourself that virtue which you took such infinite pains to depreciate in your rival, such a conduct would have been rather more excusable; but you endeavoured, my friend, to rob her of that which enriched not yourself, but might have rendered her poor indeed! Yes, I must again repeat it, such behaviour was unworthy of my Charlotte! If you give yourself one moment's time for reflection, my dear, you must certainly acknowledge that, had fortune deigned to have crowned you wishes, Mr. R*** would have been a very improper object for you to have pitched upon as a partner for life. You are at least three and thirty, and he (if we may judge by his blooming appearance) at most does not exceed three and twenty. What an unequal alliance! Matrimony, in my sentiments, is a state that will admit of no medium; it must
either

either be completely happy, or completely miserable: a woman therefore, who would wish for, or expect the former, should take care that she really possesses some of those requisites which the news-papers so liberally bestow on all who chuse to inform the public of such an important affair to the world as their being married. A woman should have youth, an agreeable person, good sense, discretion, and all little enough too, to secure the heart of that inconstant creature man! But by no means should she unite herself to one younger than herself. Our delicate bloom fades much sooner than their more manly charms. She will be absolutely old before he arrives at his prime. All the beauties of her mind will not make amends for this disparity. He may reverence and esteem, but love must then be out of the question: and to one who entertains the sincerest affection for her husband, such a state must appear quite insupportable. To avoid the odium which is too often thrown upon old maids, thousands, who before possessed every thing that could make life agreeable, madly purchase the name of Wife, at the
expence

expenſe of a whole life of miſery. How fooliſh, how inconfiſtent is this conduct ! Was our ſex only to give ear to the voice of Reaſon, and regulate their conduct by the rules of Prudence, a ſingle ſtate would no longer be looked upon with contempt. How frequently do we hear people exclaim, ‘ What an unaccountable creature is ſuch a one ! what whimsies ſhe has ! ’ ‘ Aye, no wonder,’ cries another, ‘ ſhe is an old maid.’ How abſurd, how inconfiderate are theſe notions ! My ſentiments, though perhaps different from thoſe of all mankind, are, that an agreeable, amiable woman, will ſtill continue ſo, notwithstanding ſhe is covered with age and wrinkles. A bad huſband, I will allow, may ſpoil her temper ; but when ſhe ſtill continues to enjoy her liberty, what excuſe is there for a change of diſpoſition ? When a woman arrives at a certain age, ſo far from wiſhing to excite the admiration and flattery of all who ſurround her, ſhe ſhould look upon it as an inſult to her underſtanding. There is nothing on earth more ſilly, than the affected airs of youth that ſome Ladies
give

give themselves. Till five and twenty I allow them to flutter in the gay scenes of life; at thirty they ought no longer to expect admiration; and at five and thirty they should bid adieu to love. An old woman infected with that passion, is the most laughable object in nature: she should then seek only to render herself estimable: I do not say she ought not to marry at that age; she may make a very prudent wife, and an agreeable companion. But she should no longer devote herself to folly and dissipation, nor expect that admiration which is due only to blooming youth. At that time, if she frequents public places, she deserts her own proper sphere; it is not there she is qualified now to shine: What can she expect but to be neglected, if not despised? No woman of spirit would submit to be dragged about merely as a foil to her more youthful companions.

What pleasure can she find in being stuck up in an assembly-room merely to fill up a void; to be like the shade of a picture, only placed there to set off the principal figures? No, she should then stay

at

at home, she may shine among a circle of friends; if she has lived to any purpose, time will rather have increased, than diminished the graces of her mind: to cultivate and improve them should then alone ingross her attention. Methinks I hear my Charlotte say, ‘ But what, let me ask, does a woman lose by age, if she preserves her beauty? While that remains, she is still young. Your rules indeed are extremely proper for those who perhaps never had any to boast of, or on whom time has really made some ravages; but for those who still possess every attraction, why should they retire? why leave a world in which they are by nature formed to shine?’

Yes, my friend; if they do not with their youth lose all their personal attractions, they ought still at a certain age to have acquired a more retired domestic turn, than what is required from the more youthful. Should they forget to number the revolving years they have passed, their kind officious friends will not fail to remember them. ‘ Will that woman never be weary of exhibiting
I her-

‘ herself?’ they’ll cry: ‘ she has made
‘ one at every public place these thirty
‘ years.’ ‘ She has been a fine woman,’
cries another. How mortifying these reflections to a woman of spirit! We have, it is true, heard of a Duchefs of Vallintennis, a Ninon, a Maintenon, who flourished and were admired for half a century; and of the antediluvians, who might keep a lover in suspense two or three hundred years. But those halcyon days for our sex are now over, and we can no longer impose on them such lasting chains. Would every woman regulate her conduct by the rules of prudence, they would never be terrified at the senseless ridicule that is thrown upon a single state. The wit of others cannot render those contemptible, who know how to support their character with proper dignity. What renders an old maid despicable is, because she will not give up her place, and discreetly retire from the gay scenes of life, where she exhibits herself only to excite contempt: while she vainly seeks for admiration, she is continually disappointed, and meets with nothing but desertion
and

and neglect. She is mortified, grows peevish, and envy and detraction take possession of her heart: Whereas, did she gracefully submit to her fate, and contract her pleasures and pursuits into a narrower circle, she would find a thousand rational joys, which, by grasping at those out of her reach, she had before overlooked. A conduct like this would procure her esteem, and a state of virginity would no longer be despised. I am sensible my dear Charlotte will be displeased with this doctrine: but I have no notion of a flattering friend; alas! how should I, when flattery and friendship are in reality quite incompatible? Sincerity, frankness, and unreserved confidence, are the soul of friendship: by those impartial dictates is the pen of your Olivia guided. I love my Charlotte; love her too well to suffer her to continue in an error, that I flatter myself it may be removed by the admonitions of a friend. In pointing out the folly of a life of dissipation, I have more interested views than my Charlotte can possibly imagine. I would exert all, nay, more than all the eloquence I am mistress

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of,

of, to prevail on her to quit a scene of gaiety, for the peaceful, heart-felt joys of friendship and retirement. Our little mansion is delightfully situated ; my mamma and sisters fond of you as myself : listen then, my dearest girl, to the calls of affection : forget a man unworthy of your tenderness : resume your former self, and leave envy and detraction to those who know how to support it with a better grace. You, I am convinced, was formed by nature for more exalted sentiments. Come then once more among us, and convince us it was not yourself, but some malicious genius, that assumed your form, and endeavoured to cast a blemish on a woman, that is allowed by every one who knows her to be the most affable and engaging of her sex. Come, and by your amiable and exemplary conduct, teach our young women, that are ready to run into the arms of every man who comes in their way, that there is nothing so ridiculous, so despicable in a single state. I shall now throw aside my pen without any apology for the liberty I have taken ; friendship commanded it.

If

If my Charlotte is not offended with my frankness, I shall expect she will in a few weeks honour with her presence one who is, with the sincerest affection,

Her unalterable friend,

OLIVIA.

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ABOUL-

ABOULFAID the son of CASSEM:
Or, the Folly of searching into Futurity.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHEN the Dervise Caled communicated the instructions of the Prophet to the faithful, his words were sweeter than honey, for persuasion dwelt upon his lips. But then he disguised his precepts in parables; and often, by the recital of what happened in former ages, inspired religion and wisdom into the hearts of the rising generation.

One day a young man of Bagdad came to him, and earnestly intreated him to pray to Mahomet to reveal him the issue of a business he was then engaged in. The Dervise surveyed him with a serious attention, and answered him by the following tale.

‘ In the reign of Abbas the Great, in
‘ the city of Ispahan lived Aboulfaid,
‘ the son of Cassen, a wealthy merchant,
‘ for whom commerce had opened her
‘ stores, and whose house was filled with
‘ the

' the treasures of the eastern world.
 ' Aboulfaid, when the angel of Death
 ' called away his father, took possession
 ' of his riches, and squandered them in
 ' the most shameful profusion. He was
 ' beyond measure luxurious in wine and
 ' women: the richest looms in Persia
 ' could scarcely produce silks soft enough
 ' for his apparel; the brightest gems of
 ' Golconda glittered on his vesture; and
 ' the whole eastern world was ransacked
 ' for dainties to supply his table. A
 ' number of those who called themselves
 ' his friends, partook of his luxuries, and
 ' assisted him to consume his substance.
 ' Thoughtless as he was, the day at length
 ' arrived, when his wants claimed his
 ' attention. To these, his former guests,
 ' he applied for relief: they refused to
 ' give him aid, nay, some even pretended
 ' not to know him. In effect, he was
 ' obliged to dispose of all his effects to pay
 ' his debts. A very small sum remained:
 ' with this he quitted the city, being
 ' resolved to spend the remainder of his
 ' days in some distant province, where his
 ' former splendored way of life might never

‘be mentioned to disturb him. As he
‘passed solitary and disguised along the
‘road which led from the city, he would
‘often exclaim with a sigh,’ “Oh, Pro-
“phet! why are the events of futurity
“hidden from wretched mortals? It is
“to this circumstance alone, that they
“owe their misfortunes. If the Vizir
“Mouaffac had foreseen the disgrace he
“owed to his wife’s perfidy, he would
“never have married. If I could have
“foreseen the consequences of my con-
“duct, I should have acted otherwise;
“and at this hour should have been rich
“and happy.”

‘While he thus spoke, an old venerable
‘man accosted him, who seeming to have
‘overheard his complaints, asserted, that
‘he possessed a secret which would infal-
‘libly redress it, by procuring him that
‘knowledge which he seemed so earnestly
‘to wish for, if that would contribute to
‘his happiness.’

“Doubtless, that and that alone can
“ensure it,” ‘replied Aboulfaid:’ “but
“alas! poor as I am, are all my stores
“sufficient

“ sufficient to purchase such an invaluable
“ secret ?”

“ I will not barter it for gold,” said
“ the sage,” “ but you shall have it upon
“ these conditions only, that you shall
“ impart it to no other person on earth ;
“ and that, if you should by any means find
“ it not answerable to your purpose, you
“ shall own your present complaints to
“ be entirely without foundation.”

‘ The terms being readily agreed on,
‘ the son of Cassem received from the old
‘ man a ring, which was a talisman of such
‘ a nature, that, whenever he consulted it,
‘ it would foretell any particular event he
‘ was anxious to be acquainted with.

‘ Having received this treasure, he gave
‘ himself little trouble to reflect on the
‘ last words of the sage, but pursued his
‘ way to the province of Cachemire, after
‘ having been satisfied by his oracle, that
‘ he should arrive there in health and
‘ safety. As soon as he came thither, he
‘ hired a house in the suburbs, and resolved,
‘ with what little money he had, to con-
‘ nect himself with some wealthy merchant,
‘ and embark in trade. The reputation

of knowledge and foresight which his ring procured him, soon gained him the confidence of Hassam, a wealthy merchant, who had formed a scheme of removing himself to Bassorah, for the convenience of trading in the Persian Gulph: Aboulfaid consented to go thither with him. They entered into partnership, and for some time all things succeeded to their wishes. During this interval, the son of Cassem had never consulted his talisman but on the most extraordinary occasions; but having sustained some loss by a small vessel which was wrecked, he immediately laid the fault on his want of care, and resolved to be more cautious for the future. Accordingly, his ring was consulted on the most trifling occasions, and from every little cross-accident he presaged in life, his heart was filled with anxiety. If he foresaw a storm of wind or thunder, he was so far from trusting his ships at sea, that he would not even venture his person in the streets. His merchandize was kept up in the warehouses, whenever he had intimation of the fall of the commodity;

' commodity; his fleets were ordered to
 ' remain in their harbours whenever he
 ' was apprised that they would meet with
 ' a storm, or even a calm in their voyage.
 ' But what most of all perplexed him,
 ' was, that he foresaw some evils as
 ' inevitable, and those embittered all the
 ' pleasures of his life. In the mean time
 ' his affairs were going to ruin, and his
 ' partner was loud in his complaints
 ' against him, because he had formerly
 ' experienced his abilities, and now charged
 ' every accident upon the most wilful
 ' neglect, and the most shameful indo-
 ' lence.

' While things went on thus, Aboulfaid
 ' foresaw that one of the richest ships of
 ' the partnership would fall into the hands
 ' of the pirates. This was a sufficient
 ' reason for him to detain the vessels
 ' prepared for sailing. He did so till the
 ' patience of Hassam was wearied out,
 ' and at length he insisted on their pro-
 ' ceeding on the voyage. Aboulfaid still
 ' opposed him. In consequence of which,
 ' the ships remained till a violent storm
 ' arising, drove them from the harbour
 ' out

‘ out to sea, separated them, wrecked the
‘ greatest part, and proved the means of
‘ the richest of them falling into the hands
‘ of the pirates, and thus they met with the
‘ very fate from which the owner had
‘ been so solicitous to preserve them.

‘ This circumstance proved the ruin of
‘ Hassam, and effectually overthrew the
‘ credit of Aboulfaid. He was now suf-
‘ ficiently chagrined; but much more so,
‘ when, having recourse to his talisman
‘ to determine his stay in Bassorah, he
‘ found himself threatened with imprison-
‘ ment. Some merchants, who had for-
‘ merly envied his success, had accused
‘ him to the Bascha of certain evil practices
‘ against the government: He fled, but
‘ was overtaken by the guards. They
‘ conveyed him before the Bascha, who
‘ having examined him, convinced of his
‘ innocence, was about to discharge him;
‘ when consulting his oracle for his own
‘ purposes, he perceived that the Gover-
‘ nor’s son was destined to be slain by
‘ assassins, who were just then murdering
‘ him. Of this he instantly informed the
‘ Bascha; who, instead of thanking him,
‘ concluded

‘ concluded that, knowing the matter so
‘ well, the prisoner must needs be an
‘ accomplice. He ordered him therefore
‘ to be plunged into a dungeon, as soon
‘ as he saw his son’s corpse brought home :
‘ and thus both predictions were at once
‘ fulfilled.

‘ The unhappy son of Cassam began
‘ now to perceive that he had made an
‘ unwise request: his present situation,
‘ however, once more tempted him to
‘ have recourse to his oracle; but as he
‘ was about to do this, he heard a great
‘ shout, the prison-doors were opened by
‘ the people who had risen against the
‘ Basha, and he among other captives
‘ were set at liberty.

‘ However, Aboulfaid, as he had no
‘ intention to side with either party,
‘ quitted the city in the confusion, and
‘ wandered disconsolate towards the sea-
‘ side.

‘ Here he sat down, and began to
‘ ruminate on the various vicissitudes of
‘ fortune that he had undergone; then
‘ fetching a deep sigh, he took off his
‘ ring.’ “I received thee,” ‘ said he,’

“ as a pledge of happiness, but thou hast
“ produced me much misery : I will,
“ however, consult thee once more, and
“ see what farther thou hast to promise
“ me.”

‘ Having thus said, he began attentively
‘ to enquire into the next events that
‘ should befall him ; when he found that
‘ he should be made a slave, and die in a
‘ foreign country.’

“ Ah, wretch that I am !” ‘ cried he,
‘ unable longer to contain himself :’ “ Ah !
“ cursed ring, that at once foretellest
“ and makest my unhappiness ; that hast
“ plunged me into a dungeon, and now
“ threatenest me with that slavery which
“ it is likely thou wilt bring upon me.
“ I should at least be happier, if I knew
“ not these evils ; but the expectation of
“ them will now of itself be sufficient to
“ render all my future days unhappy !
“ Oh ! holy Prophet ! take away, I pray
“ thee, my existence at once, if thou wilt
“ not render the endurance of it more
“ tolerable to me !”

‘ While he thus spoke, in the height of
‘ his rage, without knowing what he did,
‘ he

‘ he flung his ring into the sea. Im-
‘ mediately on this, a storm of thunder
‘ and lightning arose, and a mighty angel
‘ descending from above, stood before the
‘ astonished Aboulfaid, and thus addressed
‘ him :’ “ Attend, O son of Cassam ! I am
“ the angel of Destiny, sent to reprove
“ thee for thy impious folly. Thou hast
“ accused the Prophet, and desired to pry
“ into futurity. Son of the dust, it has
“ been permitted thee to turn over the
“ leaves of the Book of Fate, which, in
“ mercy, the Eternal had hidden. What
“ hast thou discovered there but thy own
“ frailty and weakness ? What hast thou
“ gained, but an addition to thy miseries ?
“ Know henceforth, that to foresee misfor-
“ tunes, does not imply the prevention of
“ them ; and that the Author of Fate is the
“ only being in the universe who is fit
“ to be endued with the knowledge of
“ prescience.”

‘ The ring being now buried in the
‘ sea, and Aboulfaid being made sensible
‘ of his folly, the only favour that remained
‘ for him to ask was, to forget what he
‘ had learned relating to futurity. The
‘ angel,

‘ angel, therefore, on his earnest supplica-
‘ tion, laid him into a deep sleep; on
‘ waking from which, all that had passed
‘ appeared as a dream. His destiny, how-
‘ ever, was accomplished: he was taken
‘ by a party of Arabs, and sold for a
‘ slave; but was so trusty to his master,
‘ that he released him, and at his death
‘ left him a large sum of money. He
‘ visited most parts of the eastern world;
‘ and at last died in Egypt, without regret-
‘ ting those two circumstances which had
‘ filled him with so much dread—of being
‘ made a slave, and dying in a foreign land.
‘ Thus he ended his days in peace, with-
‘ out the talisman, the possession of which
‘ would have rendered them a perpetual
‘ round of apprehensions, cares and anxiety.
‘ Remember Aboulfaid, and be wise; and
‘ let thy heart receive instruction from the
‘ errors of the son of Cassem.”

Here Caled ceased speaking; and the young man, convinced of his folly, withdrew, resolving never more to search into futurity, but to wait the event of fortune with patience, and resign himself to the will of Heaven.

A Letter

A Letter from a young Lady to a Friend:

With an ALLEGORICAL VISION,

Shewing the Benefits of ADVERSITY.

IT may appear odd to my dear Louisa, that a young woman at my time of life, should prefer solitude and retirement before gaiety and the diversions of the town; and, though surrounded with pleasures and amusements, should willingly abandon them all, and declare myself in favour of the country; but really they appeared to me so trifling and insipid, that I was quite tired of them: there was such a sameness in most, and vanity in every scene daily presented to my view, that nothing but my cousin's obliging importunities could have prevailed on me to follow them so long. Her company and conversation was the greatest happiness I enjoyed in London: with her I passed whole hours in amusing and instructive intercourse, and experienced more real and inward satisfaction from
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the pleasing marks of her friendship and esteem, than I could possibly do from sparkling in a ball-room, or shining at the play. Her constant endeavours to entertain me by making parties of pleasure, and going to the several places of public amusement, whilst they afforded me sufficient opportunities of making proper reflections on each, at the same time convinced me of her desire and willingness to make my stay in town as agreeable as she could. How happy should I have thought myself, could I have prevailed on her to accompany me into the country! but with what regret I left her behind, my tears at parting sufficiently evidenced.

I found but one fault with her, which was, her strong attachments to pleasures of a tumultuous kind; while mine were of a more retired nature, arising from an unconquerable fondness of rural solitude and sylvan contemplations, which I can enjoy in my present situation, unenvied by the great, forsaken by the gay, and undisturbed by all.

Since

Since my return to silent groves, and shady bowers, Amanda has favoured me with an account of a very remarkable dream she had one evening; the effects, she apprehends, of a conversation the day before with a friend, on the benefit of Adversity and Distress: which, as it is peculiarly striking and instructive, I cannot suppose there is any occasion to apologize for inclosing it.

Last monday Mrs. R—— called and drank tea with us, when the question was started by my mother (who was then much troubled with a pain in her head) ‘Of what Benefit is Adversity, and wherein can it be stiled useful to man in general?’ At night when I resigned myself to sleep, Fancy resumed her office, and, impressed with the above enquiry, transported me in a moment into the most charming meadow I had ever seen. A murmuring stream flowed through the middle of it, and by its refreshing moisture, perpetually renewed it with all the beauties of the spring: the verdure of the ground, the gay flowers with which it was enamelled, the fragrance of the morning air, the
sloping

sloping beams of the rising sun gilding a thick wood that appeared on one side of the meadow ; all conspired to heighten the beauty of the scene, and give alacrity to my spirits. My heart exulted with joy as I pursued the course of the river or stream, which led to a temple, situated at a distance on a rising ground, encircled with woodbines, jasmines, and myrtles, whose variegated blossoms cast forth a profusion of mingled sweets.

To this temple, most travellers who entered the meadow, seemed at first inclined to bend their steps ; but I observed scarce any that accomplished their purpose : growing tired with the straitness of the path, they presently quitted it, to ramble in the winding alleys of the wood, which promised them greater variety. Some indeed, though but very few, easily came out again, and followed their first intention of going to the temple, while others, penetrating into the thickest part of the wood, were seen no more. My curiosity was awakened, on seeing such numbers crowd the avenues, to enquire where those several paths terminated : and perceiving
a person

a person of a grave and studious aspect, whose eyes were fixed on the multitudes before him, as if contemplating with a steady attention their various manners, ways, and ends; I applied myself to him for information. At first he put me off with a slight answer; but, on my repeating the question with an earnest solicitude, he smoothed his contracted brow, put on a more familiar and inviting air, told me his name was Knowledge, and offered to be my guide. I readily accepted him, and he addressed me with these words.

‘ You see before you the Meadow of
‘ Truth, whose lively verdure never de-
‘ cays; being constantly watered by the
‘ River of Wisdom: if you follow its course
‘ it will lead you to the Temple of Virtue;
‘ through which, you will arrive at that of
‘ Perfect Felicity: but though it is a path
‘ of peace, and all its ways are pleasant-
‘ ness, how easily it is quitted for the sake
‘ of wandering in the Wood of Error!
‘ Enticed by a view of its serpentine walks,
‘ and vainly imagining they can find a
‘ way out whenever they please, they
‘ boldly enter, fatal delusion! and, involv-
‘ ing

ing themselves in its intricate labyrinths
are lost for ever. But let us go nearer,
and take a view of its avenues.

As we approached the entrance, my
guide bid me take notice of a peasant
who was very busy in offering to conduct
the travellers through the wood. 'See,'
said he, 'how readily they yield them-
selves to the guidance of Ignorance,
whose appearance has nothing to invite
their attention; for his habit, his air, his
features speak the clown: yet, such is
the indolence of mankind, they will
accept the first conductor who offers his
service, rather than be at the pains to
obtain a proper one: but they severely
suffer for, their negligence; for observe
to what dangers he exposes them: im-
posed on by his false directions, look
what a thorny path that company is
walking in, each endeavouring to outstrip
his companion, in hopes of obtaining the
promised end of their labours, titles,
honour, and splendid distinctions; for
this, he has told them, is the Path of
Ambition. But, alas! what toil attends
their steps? a cruel hag, stiled Envy, is
perpetually

' perpetually haunting them; they cannot
 ' fly from her, and she scarcely ever
 ' permits them to rest: the farther they
 ' advance, the thicker the briars shoot up;
 ' and their reward is generally disappoint-
 ' ment and vexation of spirit. A little
 ' farther in that narrow alley, you perceive
 ' a troop who walk with their eyes fixed
 ' on the ground, and proceed with the
 ' most wary and cautious steps: they are
 ' in the pursuit of riches; their way is
 ' full of snares, Care is their constant
 ' companion, and should they find the
 ' golden mine they are searching after, it
 ' is in the midst of so dreary a wilderness,
 ' and they have wandered so far from the
 ' Meadow of Truth, and the River of
 ' Wisdom, that they never will be able to
 ' enjoy it.'

' But I do not see,' said I, addressing
 my guide, ' one path to which Ignorance
 ' is leading those youths who resemble
 ' the beauty of the meadow? It is covered
 ' with turf, and enamelled with flowers,
 ' the air is perfumed with the fragrance
 ' of the odours, a crystal spring murmurs
 ' as

‘ as it flows over the glittering pebbles,
‘ the ear is enchanted with the pleasing
‘ harmony of the birds, who warble their
‘ melodious notes from every bush; it
‘ appears to me the smiling Path of Plea-
‘ sure, which captivates at first the young
‘ and gay, but it is attended with tempta-
‘ tions as fatal as they are numerous.’

‘ It is true,’ replied my conductor,
‘ that is the Path of Pleasure; its begin-
‘ ing is smooth, delightful, and ensnaring,
‘ especially to youth; but its end is certain
‘ destruction: joy and festivity quickly
‘ forsake its followers, and in their room
‘ they are haunted by Poverty, Disease,
‘ Reproach, and Despair, that even Death
‘ itself is a welcome relief from so many
‘ distressing ills.’

Terrified with this view of the numerous
evils that beset every path in that danger-
ous wood, I exclaimed, ‘ Oh! wretched
‘ travellers, to what miseries are you ex-
‘ posed! Is there no friendly monitor to
‘ warn you of the snares into which igno-
‘ rance and love of pleasure are leading
‘ you?’

‘ There is one,’ replied my conductor,
‘ that both admonishes and corrects them :
‘ if they would hear and attend to her
‘ instructions, she would lead them back
‘ to the way they have forsaken. Though
‘ her countenance is severe, and her man-
‘ ners unpolished, her counsels are dictated
‘ by prudence ; and there is not a more
‘ faithful adviser than Adversity : for man,
‘ though capable of knowing what is good
‘ for him, is too fickle and inconstant to
‘ pursue it ; he is too impatient to bear
‘ the slow guidance of Knowledge ; too
‘ variable to relish the uniformity of Truth,
‘ and persevere in the strait road that
‘ leads to virtue : Thus he exchanges
‘ Knowledge for Ignorance, leaves Truth
‘ for Error, and will assuredly reap misery
‘ instead of happiness, if the rod of Ad-
‘ versity does not chastise the folly that is
‘ bound up in his heart.’

As we turned from the wood to proceed
to the temple, I awoke, repeating these
‘ words, ‘ Nothing but Adversity will
‘ teach a man wisdom, and make him
‘ attend to the dictates of Prudence.’

I will

I will not make any remarks on the above at present, but leave it to your private meditations; and am, with the greatest sincerity, my dear Louisa,

Yours, &c.

ON

ON DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the silent tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss.

THOMSON.

ON Monday last I made a rural excursion, which filled my heart with so many agreeable sensations, that I cannot refrain from communicating them.

I went to spend the day with my friend Worthy, who has long resided on his own estate, about fifteen miles from London, and arrived in a post-chariot at his villa, between eleven and twelve. On my alighting at the gate of my friend's neat stone edifice, which stands on a smooth green about an hundred paces from the high road, at the bottom of a wide avenue of tall elms, the servant conducted me into the garden, through a winding walk of trees, which formed a canopy with their leaves, thick enough to exclude the scorching rays of the sun, and only suffered their shadows to dance along the pebbled walk,

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which

which the mildest breezes perpetually varied. The flaunting honeysuckles twined round their knotty stems, while pinks and lillies, and the taller roses, blushing with unnumbered beauties, peeped between, and scented the air with odoriferous sweets. At the end of this walk, a pretty long one, there was an arbour, formed by a large spreading oak, almost overgrown with ivy, and covered below with jessamine, and the same flowering shrubs, which so beautifully variegated the walk. The inside of this arbour was lined with green paling, as a fence against cold damps. My friend and his whole family were seated in it, he with a volume of Rollin's Belles Lettres in his hand, with which he was instructing them, while his wife and daughters created flowers with their needles, equal in every thing but fragrance to those which bloomed around them; and his son, a youth about thirteen, was employed in painting a landscape in water colours. He rose to receive me with that politeness which distinguishes the sincere friend from the man of complaisance; and presented me to his lady and

and daughters, whom I complimented on the choice of their employments, after having admired the beauty of their work.

‘Indeed Sir,’ said Mr. Worthy, ‘I was
‘afraid you would think we were rather
‘amusing ourselves in a trifling manner,
‘than spending the time usefully; but I
‘can assure you we only take up these
‘chairs when we have finished our family-
‘work, and have nothing else to do: but
‘my little Fanny here, is really doing a
‘laudable action; for she is making caps
‘for the baby of a poor neighbour who lies
‘in, and is incapable of helping herself.’
I looked at and admired the performance
of the lovely little creature, who was not
more than eight years old; and upon my
telling her how good she was—‘Yes,
‘indeed,’ said her mamma, ‘Fanny knows
‘she was not born for herself alone, but
‘to be serviceable to her friends and
‘neighbours, and to supply the wants of
‘others by the advantages she has had
‘the happiness to receive from her educa-
‘tion.’ I gazed with the highest satisfac-
tion at the lovely matron (for Mrs. Worthy
is still a fine woman) who could thus

employ, and, at the same time, instruct her amiable offspring. I never beheld a more enchanting female groupe: their persons, habits, and attitudes, all conspired to render them the most pleasing objects I ever saw. They were dressed in pure white, with green silk hats. The two young ladies had nothing under theirs but their fine hair. My friend and his son were elegantly plain. The countenance of the former shone with the approving smiles of a discreet yet indulgent parent: and on the countenance of the latter, love, duty, and respect were agreeably blended; health, beauty, and innocence, glowed in the features of all, and I could not forbear surveying for some time, with a delightful silent astonishment, five persons so thoroughly amiable, and so thoroughly satisfied with each other. Unconscious that they had any particularities to attract so much admiration, they feared that my silence was occasioned by the fatigue of my sultry journey. The eldest young lady, who was about fourteen, in obedience to a sign from her mother, left the arbor; but soon returned, followed by a servant with

with chocolate, and placed a dish of strawberries on a small table, which they heartily pressed me to taste, assuring me, that they were that morning growing within a few yards of me. I told my friend I would chearfully accept of his obliging offer, but desired I might not interrupt his reading.

‘No, no, my dear friend,’ said he with a smile, ‘you did not come to hear me read. It is my custom indeed to take up some instructive author for an hour or two in the morning, while my wife and daughters are at their needles, and I commonly choose both French and English, for the benefit of my young family. I took up a French author just now, in order to accustom my Fanny’s ear to that language, while I increased my son’s knowledge of the sciences, and was just going to read the Seasons of Thomson, to give him hints for a landscape, and to furnish my wife and daughters with subjects for their needles.’ The ladies being withdrawn, I congratulated my friend on the felicity I must enjoy with such a family, in such a

situation. ‘I am indeed,’ said he, ‘supremely blest in the possession of the kindest, the best of wives, and the most deserving children, whom I have not yet been able to part with.’ How ! interrupted I, does not your son go to some seminary of learning ? ‘No my friend, he has hitherto had only me for his master, and the assistance now and then of our rector, a valuable man, respected by all for his piety and erudition. You seem to be surprised ; but I will give you a short detail of our domestic employments : Employments known only by a few, and by a few only relished. We all rise in summer at six, and if the weather is favourable, assemble in the bower in which you found us. There we thank the great Giver of every thing for our present preservation, and implore his farther protection. I choose this spot because it is airy, and consequently wholesome, and because every spreading leaf, every opening bud, and every pointed thorn, gives evident proofs of his omnipotence, and warms us to devotion. The feathered

‘thered songsters too, join their gratulations to ours, and swell the chorus of thanksgiving. When this first act of thanksgiving has been performed, I repair with my son to my closet, in which we study for two hours, while my wife and daughters give the necessary orders for the regulation of the family affairs; and then we breakfast, either in the bower, or in the back parlour, which serves us for a chapel in bad weather. Then we walk an hour, and after return to our studies, or to some such improving amusements as you found us busied in, till two; at that hour we all separate to prepare for dinner, which is always ready at three. In the afternoon, if we are alone, we commonly have a concert among ourselves till the sun permits us to admire the trees and meadows decorated by its departing rays. After sun-set we walk till nine, in the long days, and then take a light supper; conclude as we began with adoration, and retire to rest. Thus calmly, thus serenely do our moments pass; we are compleatly happy, because al-

‘ways disposed to please, and to be
‘pleased with each other. Mrs. Worthy
‘and I receive a great deal of solid de-
‘light by instructing and improving our
‘children; I have taught my son Greek,
‘Latin, French, music, and writing;
‘and my daughters are almost mistresses
‘of the last three, by the assiduity of
‘their mother. My son has also a genius
‘for drawing, which I encourage as much
‘as I can, because I think it an agreeable
‘amusement.” I believe every syllable
you have uttered, replied I; but cannot
imagine how you find time. ‘I am al-
‘ways teaching my children,’ said he:
‘it is my business; my pleasure. As
‘soon as they could articulate their own
‘language, my wife and I constantly
‘spoke French to them, till they learnt
‘it, and they have learnt every thing
‘else in the same manner, without the
‘pains of drudgery: nor have I kept
‘them entirely from companions, for I
‘am thoroughly convinced that know-
‘ledge of the world ought to be supple-
‘mental to book-knowledge: but my ac-
‘quaintances are not numerous; I only
‘select

‘ select a few who will mend, not corrupt the manners of my children. When my visiters are gone, I call my girls, and my boy, and make them singly give me their opinions freely concerning their behaviour; and tell them when they censure or approve with too much precipitation. You would smile to hear me read a lecture on a pebble, a bit of moss, a grasshopper, or a cockleshell; but I prate too much, my heart overflows: excuse me my honest friend, and make allowances for these conjugal, these paternal effusions. I can never set bounds to my loquacity when I talk about my family; such felicity as I enjoy, cannot be felt, cannot be talked of, without transport!’ I shall not repeat the answer I made, it will easily be guessed by the reader of sensibility. We then returned to the house, and in a cool parlour, adorned with the best maps and prints, and ornamented with a large and valuable library, we sat down to a genteel dinner, though entirely English, which was rendered an exquisite repast, by the chearful looks, and instructing conversation

of the family. About five o'clock, my friend conducted me, at my particular request to the music parlour, a room so called, because there is an organ and harpsichord in it. Mrs. Worthy touched the keys of the first, Miss Worthy entertained us with a melodious voice, and my friend and his son, accompanied them on their violins. Their music was from Handel; and I was lost in extasy. After a considerable time spent in this celestial employment, Mrs. Worthy was sent for to a sick neighbour. When she was gone, her husband told me she was the darling and support of the poor. As it grew late, I began to think of revisiting my own apartment. When I got into the chariot, Miss Worthy presented me with a basket of fruit, and the pretty innocent Fanny put a nosegay into my hand, as blooming as herself. I departed with the greatest reluctance, and as I jumbled into town at Hyde-park Corner, found every sight, every smell, and every sound disgusting, when compared with those things I had just left behind me.

CLEONICUS to TIRIUS.

“Half the woes which life invade

“Are by our own misconduct made.

CARTER.

REPINE not Tirius at the situation in which providence has placed you; rather be ashamed of your unmanly impatience, doubly unbecoming when it is levelled at your Creator. Every dissatisfied thought about the station allotted you is blasphemy against his wisdom; every complaint a criminal revolt against the order of the supreme will of the Almighty. Do not you know that God is equally beneficent in the storms of winter, as in the breezes of the spring? ought not your complaining to be against yourself, rather than against heaven? You lament that the calm of life is perpetually interrupted; that nothing is stable; and that every day alters the mutable scene. Have you never yet made this observation, that our souls can find no rest here; that the blossoms of the spring

pass away ; and that the sunshine of summer is interrupted by clouds, that descend in rain or explode in thunder ? If you have not, I do not wonder that the vicissitudes of life sit so uneasy upon your thoughts. You was brought up in the bosom of an affectionate mother, whose tender care protected you against all dangers. Whilst you was under her tutelage, the vexations, troubles, cares, and even necessary employments of life, were utterly unknown to you. This very tenderness hurt you : You imagined you was to live only for yourself, and that your business in this world was only to enjoy it. But Heaven has in pity removed the covert that sheltered you, and now you stand exposed to the inconveniences of life, and feel that, of which it is necessary you should be sensible, ‘ that you are made for society.’

Happy Tirius ! how kind is Heaven, to deliver you from a pernicious error whilst you are young ! If this salutary affliction had not come upon you till you had attained a riper age, the prime of your youth, which now you may improve,

would have been entirely lost. Your mother left you an humble competence, yet you begin to be afraid lest you may want. Do not you know that an apprehension of want is a call to industry? Enter therefore upon the business of life; prepare yourself to commence a member of society, in the rank providence has assigned you.

You imagine yourself unhappy, because Heaven has refused you those riches which it often bestows on the undeserving. For this very reason Tirius, that riches are often bestowed in great plenty on the most worthless, you should be less anxious about them: of what use do you think they are? You want to lead an idle life at the expence of other people's industry, and lament that your forefathers have not sufficiently provided for you. But observe the rich with a closer attention: How heavy does time lay upon their hands, while they find employment for half the world! When in a leisure hour you sit down to rest yourself from your work, uneasy thoughts steal upon you; you begin to fancy yourself better fitted

fitted for an idle spectator of the work of others, than many of your rich neighbours. You hardly pass by a palace without secretly arraigning your fortune, for holding you under an humble roof: A nobleman's beautiful garden, instead of fragrance, breathes discontent into your breast. The grand cascades, and vocal groves, fill your ears with tumult. TIRIUS! what a difficult mortal art thou to be pleased! Nature, perhaps, ought to be wholly thy own to make herself agreeable to thee.

Do you know the source from whence all your dissatisfaction proceeds? I'll point it out to you: It is self-love, misguided by education. Combat this self-love, crush it, and if it be possible destroy it. There will be no happiness for you in this world unless you do so: God himself cannot give it you. This depraved self-love is in fact covetousness, and a covetous temper is destitute of joy. Cares spring up in it as abundantly and naturally as thistles and weeds do in a stony field. Infinite wishes proceed from it, each wish is followed by desire, desire

fire extorts tears, and tears drown your tranquility.

It ought not to be so, Tiriüs; but I know the disposition of your mind better than you do yourself. What are your thoughts, when, in the shadowy silence of the evening hour, your weary hands quit their labour to support your head, reclined in all the melancholy of discontent? Does not your self-love cover leisure? Does not a succession of restless wishes escape you? and does not your imagination aid your wishes? It does. In an instant you are transported into her enchanting regions. Castles arise before you, and fields innumerable, covered with rising harvests, and inclosed by the flowering thorn. Here you see a rich valley bounded on one side with green hills, and on the other with shady groves, where in company with your dearest friends you might take an evening walk; from under yonder rose-bush, a cooling brook runs purling along its shady banks, on whose downy moss you might take a soft repose. A garden now rises to your imagination, with cascades, grottos and
bowers,

bowers, wildernesses and alcoves; the palace now invites you from the shade, and the doors of the saloon are thrown open to receive you. In scenes like these your senses are bewildered. How happy should you be in possessions like these! To make your condition completely wretched, imagination at once changes the scene: the castles, the fields, the groves; the palace disappears; and your own dwelling supplies their place. That instant your disagreeable situation recurs to your mind; your daily employ; the care of your subsistence; approaching old age and poverty stare you in the face: the splendor of the former scene throws a more melancholy gloom on this, and your real condition becomes more and more insupportable, by your comparing it with an imaginary one. To confirm yourself in the notion of your being unhappy, you always think how happy you might be.

Dear Tirius, be not so much your own enemy as to torment yourself with delusive dreams. The imagination is a faculty, which, under proper regulation, may

may contribute much to make the soul happy. Man moves in too narrow a sphere to range through all the fields of actual pleasures: we are too short-sighted to do so, but imagination indeed may enlarge our view. What part, or how much, do you think you could enjoy of this world, supposing it was all your own? You don't want a world to supply you with food: a single field will answer the purpose as well as an universe. The wants of nature are so few, that your own hands may well supply them; and as to the rest, pray tell me what is it to you, whether a seat, a garden, or a field, belongs to you or to another, as long as the enjoyment of them consists in their entertaining your senses? Do you imagine a fine seat ministers more real pleasure to its owner than to his visitor? affords the grotto coolness to him only? Do the murmuring brooks please his fancy alone? do the birds warble from the grove solely for his entertainment or delight? or does a wood throw less shade upon you, because it is not your own? You see Tirius, the beauties of nature
are

are not created with a partial view, for the entertainment of some only ; they are offered to all. God, the benevolent author of nature, has refused none of us the noble joys that arise from them ; joys which the actual possession of them can neither increase nor diminish. Endeavour to look for contentment in the sphere of life in which you are placed ; it is there you will certainly find it. Happiness is as common as the air : She does not live only in palaces and villas, she visits the cottages of the poor, she accompanies the solitary sage through fields of blooming nature, embraces the swain by the brook, and walks at the side of the whistling clown while he guides the plough through the stubborn glebe. Were the rich (whom you seem to envy) so happy as you imagine they are, Heaven would have been very unjust to the greatest part of mankind in the distribution of its blessings ; but happiness is not confined to this or that peculiar station of life, neither can we always pronounce people happy by their outward appearance. Be advised : When the wants of
nature

nature are supplied, do not think more necessary : what you do not think necessary you will not desire, and at the want of what you do not desire you will never repine.

It is but reasonable, Tirius, we should conform to nature, and conduct ourselves properly in the station allotted us by providence. We, who are very short-lived creatures, are not warranted to form any great expectations from the things of this world : and since nature is contented with little ; why should we desire to have much ? But alas ! we are but too apt to create desires to which she is a stranger, and then complain of Heaven for not gratifying the desires of creatures, who multiply wishes upon wishes, and of whose desires there would be no end.

You know one of the terms, on which you received life, is that you are to die : this decree is immutable. It would be the height of folly to pronounce life miserable, because it is finite, or to desire immortality of Heaven for a body that is made of clay. You cannot expect more than is promised you, without being both
unjust

unjust and ungrateful for what you have? And are not the vicissitudes and troubles of life as much the conditions of it as death? If you know this, how comes it to pass that you forget your calling and your nature? Whence have you got the art to form desires, and make yourself miserable by nourishing them? No wealth can give us possessions equal to our wishes; a whole world would not satisfy them. You would, like the insatiable Greek, be soon dissatisfied with the possession of one world only. Riches, *Tirius*, consist only in content. Content is never in want; but the wants of avarice can never be supplied. Learn to despise things, the possession of which would add but little to your satisfaction. The next hour knows nothing of your having dined the preceding day at the table of a prince. When your stomach craves food, appetite will season your homely fare: if you have no appetite, you will not relish a feast, though it were prepared for the Gods. Surfeit always lurketh under the tables of the great and the voluptuous,
but

but never visits the homely board of industry and labour.

Collect your thoughts, and provide for your immortal part. Gratify the longing desire of your soul after truth, by acquiring the knowledge of it. Let your meditations frequently extend, beyond this narrow sphere, to a state where your soul will continue to exist for ever. Learn to know and practise your duty, and endeavour to be virtuous and wise; and know that there is no other happiness on this side the grave.

ON

ON THE
Necessity of supporting our misfortunes
with PATIENCE and RESIGNATION.

THERE is no person in this world, but must expect at one time or other to be visited by affliction, either of body or mind; perhaps of both. We are by nature subject to innumerable diseases. Nor is it in the power of any human being to prevent us, one time or other, from being afflicted by some of them. We are likewise by nature equally subject to troubles of the mind, which though more frequent are not perhaps less exquisite. If therefore we are subject to troubles both of body and mind, which it is out of our power to prevent, is it not our interest as well as duty to endeavour to palliate them? though there are many kinds of troubles which it is impossible to remove, yet it may not be impossible by some argument or other to strengthen our minds, by representing our troubles in a light more favourable than they generally appear. The true end of philosophy,

phy, is not to impose upon the judgment by any sophistical arguments (as by endeavouring to prove, that all our troubles are ideal, and consequently it is in our power to make them no longer so) but to strengthen it by those which will stand the test of truth. It is not by imposing on the judgment we are to expect to relieve ourselves from pain.

To say that it is a folly to grieve at what it is out of our power to remove, is saying nothing, but what ought rather to be a reason for increasing than diminishing our trouble. If it was in our power to remove it, we might then have hopes of being relieved: but when we are afflicted with trouble, it is out of our power to relieve ourselves from it, what else can we do than encrease it by despair? Is it possible we should do other ways?

If we suppose the world to be governed by a supreme Being, we must likewise suppose that any affliction that is brought upon any of his creatures, is the result of his will: and if any affliction which happens to any individual is the result of his will, it must, if we suppose him to have
their

their welfare at heart, contribute some way or other to their benefit, even if we suppose them to be necessary for the welfare of the whole, and not that of the individual, who is the sufferer: for if Providence would admit any person to suffer for the benefit of society, he cannot do otherwise, consistent with his infinite goodness, than reward him some future time for what he has suffered.

This to me appears a much stronger argument than any other; for supposing that every affliction must contribute to our future happiness, is, in some measure, proving them afflictions no longer.

THE

THE HISTORY OF ZULIMA:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roul,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

POPE.

ZULIMA the daughter of Abukazan, was formed for pleasure and finished for delight. She was tall as the towering palm, and stright as the lofty pine: her countenance was animated with the glow of health, and her smile was as the dawn of the vernal day. Symmetry was discernable in every limb, in every gesture grace. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared she was fairer than a Houri; and even the daughters of the land confessed she was beautiful. Yet with all her personal advantages, Zulima, though she excited admiration, could not attract esteem. She was thoughtless, volatile, and capricious, and so extreamly giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation,

E

dulation, that she spent the greatest part of her time in changing the position of her vestments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes she braided her jetty tresses, which were black as the feathers of a raven, and turned them up under a muslin bordered with gold and silver; sometimes she suffered them to flow carelessly on her shoulders, over an azure robe, and placed new-blown roses on her forehead, which was as spacious as a full moon. Sometimes she threw a transparent veil over her, but practised a thousand arts to make it rise and fall, and to discover to the enamoured gazer, teeth white as the tusks of the elephant, lips red as the ruby of Ava, cheeks tinged with the blushes of the morning, and eyes piercing as those of the eagle.

While she was reclined on a sofa, one evening after a sultry day, under a pavilion in the garden of her father Abukazan, and lay ruminating on methods to increase her charms, and extend her conquests, she saw a thick smoke rise out of the ground. It curled like a vine, and
ascended

ascended like a column. While she was earnestly watching its progress, a little old man, with a beard whiter than snow, which reached to his feet, appeared before her. ‘Zulima,’ said he, ‘listen to the voice of instruction, and let not the accents of reproof be disregarded. I am the genius Abdaric. I behold thy beauties with delight. Be not therefore vain, for know I behold them with concern. I am come from the bottom of the earth, to teach thee wisdom, and to snatch thee from destruction. Follow my advice, and be happy. Thou vainly fanciest, unthinking Zulima! that the fame of thy beauties will be wafted to the pinnacles of Agra by the sighs of thy adorers, and that their applauses will be heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean. Thou dost not consider, frail child of the dust, that thou art subject to the most loathsome distempers. Thou dost not consider, that a leprosy may render thee an object of detestation, and that the springs of life may be poisoned by maladies innumerable. If the angel of Benevo-

‘ lence should intercede for thee at the
‘ throne of the great Alla; if the Go-
‘ vernor of the Universe should command
‘ the clouds of sickness never to burst
‘ upon thy head, yet no interceding angel
‘ can rescue thee from the infirmities of
‘ age, or disengage thee from the talons
‘ of decrepitude.

‘ Thy love-darting eyes must lose their
‘ lustre, and grow dim with years: thy
‘ blooming cheeks must be shrivelled like
‘ autumnal leaves; and thy graceful
‘ body must be bent like the bow of the
‘ hunter. Thy admirers will then shun
‘ thee with as much caution as they would
‘ the mouth of a famished tiger, or the
‘ jaws of an hungry crocodile; and start
‘ from thee affrighted as if they had felt
‘ the sting of a scorpion, or the puncture
‘ of an asp. Then wilt thou be the un-
‘ happiest of women. Thou adornest
‘ with too much sollicitude thy outward
‘ form, which will perish like a garment
‘ devoured by the moth, and which will
‘ be smote by the arrows of death, as the
‘ grass is levelled by the scythe of the
‘ mower; whilst thy mind, which will en-
‘ dure

‘dure for ever, resembles the barren
‘mountain, or the uncultivated desert.
‘Think therefore, O daughter of plea-
‘sure, ’ere it is too late. Consider whilst
‘thou art capable of reflection. I am
‘come from the bottom of the earth to
‘make thee wiser, better, and even more
‘lovely. Watch thy behaviour with the
‘strictest vigilance, and let not the slight-
‘est signs of pride, levity, or self-admi-
‘ration, be perceptible in thy looks, thy
‘actions, or thy words. Seem not to be
‘conscious of thy charms, and they will
‘beam forth with redoubled splendor:
‘forget that thou art fairer than other
‘women, and thou wilt be the fairest
‘among them. Be not studious to make
‘thy neck shine with the glossy pearls
‘of Manar, and thy hair glitter with the
‘diamonds of Golconda. Be neat in thy
‘person, be plain in thy apparel; Sim-
‘plicity is beyond magnificence. Love-
‘liness wants not the aid of ornament, but
‘is when unadorned, adorned the most.
‘Do not hang over a fountain for the
‘pleasure of seeing thy image reflected
‘in the stream; such a desire can only be
E 2 prompted

‘ prompted by vanity, and ought there-
 ‘ fore to be suppressed. Censure not thy
 ‘ virgin companions because they have not
 ‘ the same external attractions as thyself:
 ‘ they may perhaps be possessed of accom-
 ‘ plishments superior to thine, though they
 ‘ are not so conspicuous. Behold this talis-
 ‘ man: view it with attention: it is the
 ‘ talisman of truth, made with the finest
 ‘ crystal; and so wonderfully constructed,
 ‘ that it will not only shew thee what
 ‘ thou art, but what thou shouldest be.

‘ When thou resemblest in every respect
 ‘ the character I have drawn for thee, thou
 ‘ wilt appear in the most amiable light;
 ‘ but when any irregular passion, or any
 ‘ vicious inclination takes possession of
 ‘ thy heart, and stimulates thee to commit
 ‘ an unbecoming, or an immoral action,
 ‘ thou wilt see thyself in the most odious
 ‘ colours. Thou wilt be changed into a
 ‘ monster of ugliness. In such circum-
 ‘ stances think on me. Repent, reform,
 ‘ and thou wilt be restored to thy pristine
 ‘ beauty.’

When the genius had uttered the last
 word, he put the talisman into her hand,
 and

and instantly disappeared with the pillar of smoak; but left a scent behind him grateful as the evening breeze which plays among the Sebean spices; or the fragrant gale which flutters upon the gum-distilling trees of Arabia.

Zulima's astonishment at the sudden appearance of the genius, deprived her of the powers of speech; but the various emotions which she felt during his address to her, were imprinted on her countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her person, she threw off her veil with exultation: her eyes sparkled with joy; her bosom panted with satisfaction. But, when he informed her that she was subject to the most loathsome distempers, she trembled and looked pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the infirmities of age; and shuddered at the mention of the talons of decrepitude. When he told her she would be deserted by her admirers as soon as she had no charms to allure them, she was torpid with amazement; but, when he afterwards assured her she would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her

E 4 heart

heart danced with rapture, and her lips quivered with extacy. She was a little disconcerted to hear him prefer plainness, neatness, and simplicity, to pomp, grandeur, and magnificence: and to hear self-admiration and censoriousness condemned by him with severity. She was convinced however, soon after his departure, that it was necessary to follow the rules he had prescribed; for on surveying herself in the talisman, she discovered such an alteration in her person, that she was struck with fear, and let it fall to the ground: but, when she took it up with a wish that it might not be broken, she looked, on a second view, as engaging as ever. From that moment she determined to obey her monitor with punctuality; and after having prostrated herself to implore the assistance of Him who dwelleth in the Third Heaven, she returned to the house of her father.

When a few moons had passed away, Hamed, a young man of large possessions and remarkable integrity, demanded Zulima for his wife. His palace dazzled the eye with its magnificence. His dress was purple enriched with gold; and the
jewels

jewels in his turban glittered like the rays of the sun. He commanded, by inheritance, an extensive tract of land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and flocks without number bleated in his pastures. Yet in the midst of his riches Hamed was temperate: fifty women only had he in his haram. He had many personal perfections, but they were trifling compared to the beauties of his mind, which resembled an emerald of inestimable value, deposited in a golden casket.

The first view of Zulima's uncommon charms, struck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his ravished eyes as majestic as the cedar of Lebanon, and graceful as the tulip of Candabar. He poured forth his soul before her; called her the light of his life, and swore she was more lovely than the daughters of Paradise.

Zulima soon became inebriated with the homage paid to her, and imagined too hastily that she should increase his sensibility, by retarding the completion of his wishes, and quicken desire by pro-

tracting the moment of possession, urged him, by turns, to hope and to despair, by every feminine artifice she could think of. But Hamed soon discovered that the heart of Zulima was as deceitful as the ocean, when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that she was neither charmed by his person, nor captivated by his manners. He discovered that the voice of adulation only was music to her ear, and that she was blind to all beauties but her own.

At this discovery his soul was filled with indignation. Resentment extinguished all emotions of tenderness, and drove him abruptly from her presence.

Zulima, as soon as Hamed had left her, hastened to her talisman with the rapidity of a roe, to see in what light she had appeared to him, and to embellish herself with new graces against the next interview; for as he had not mentioned his intention never to return, the hopes of fanning the flames of love with fresh allurements, made her spirits flow with unusual briskness, and her feet bounded with unusual agility. But how great

great was her surprise, when instead of eyes sparkling with pleasure, and cheeks glowing with expectation, she beheld in the polished crystal a monster of ugliness. Shocked at the unexpected sight, she gazed at her altered image. She gazed with astonishment. Abdaric instantaneously darted into her mind. She found on a retrospect of her conduct, that she had encouraged the addresses of Hamed, not out of a regard to himself; not out of obedience to her father; not from a desire to be happily married: but to hear the sighs of fondness; to have her ears regaled with the soothing strains of eulogy; to be admired and praised; to be flattered and adored. Her conscience smote her. She repented, and at the same time determined to receive Hamed with more affability, and to listen to him with more attention: to deserve his love, and to merit his esteem. These resolves had in some measure the wished-for effect. She saw with extasy her face by degrees recover its accustomed bloom: but its bloom alas! was recovered too late, for Hamed had during

E 6 the

the eclipse of it, placed his affections on Zelis, the daughter of Nouradine, and friend of Zulima.

Zelis, though not so striking a beauty as Zulima, was not less engaging. Zulima shone like the sun in its meridian splendor; Zelis like the sky tinged with its rising and departing rays.

The first resembled a large edifice full of lofty apartments, decorated with the most costly ornaments, and blazing with the united lustre of gems and gold. The last might be compared to a small plain building, executed with the utmost elegance, and adorned with the utmost simplicity. Zulima was more admired than Zelis, Zelis more beloved than Zulima. Zelis had an expressiveness in her countenance which was like a magnet, irresistibly attracting. She was modest, gentle, affable, and unconscious of her perfections.

These amiable qualities soon bound the heart of Hamed in adamant chains. He was pleased with her person, but enraptured with her mind, and had soon the
fatis-

satisfaction to find that Zelis viewed him with equal delight, loved him with equal ardour, and esteemed him with equal sincerity.

The news of their intended union flew with the swiftness of lightning to the house of Abukazan. Zulima felt a disorder she had never before known at the receipt of this intelligence. To think that she had lost a lover was perturbation, but to think that Zelis was in possession of him, distraction. Many hours she spent in contriving methods to recal her lover, and at last fixed on a design which she executed immediately with an assurance of success. She prevailed on Cadige, an old nurse, who had attended her from her infancy, to make herself serviceable to Zelis. Zelis was pleased with her assiduity, and told Zulima that she was very happy in possessing so useful a slave. Zulima, who beheld Zelis with the eyes of a lion when a tender kid lies bleeding at his feet, was so delighted to find that she was fallen into the toils which were spread for her, that she intreated her to
keep

keep Cadige for her own use: telling her with an air of pleasantry, that she had won her affections, and adding, that she could not therefore offer her with so much propriety to any other person. Cadige, in a short time, took advantage of the confidence Zelis placed in her, and endeavoured to make her contemptible in the eyes of Hamed, by throwing a veil over her virtues, and to weaken his attachment to her, by insinuating, with an anxious concern for his happiness, that the woman he had chosen, was of all her sex the most unworthy of his esteem.

While Cadige was thus employed, and while Zelis reflected on the coldness of her lover with tears and with complainings, Zulima was full of gloomy doubts, and alarming fears. The cause of her first deviation from rectitude, by attempting to lessen Hamed's affection for Zelis, gave her many uneasy throbs; but these were agreeable sensations, compared to the piercing pangs she felt, when she reflected on the immorality of her actions. Conscious of the mischiefs she

was.

was perpetrating, she was extremely wretched. Her mind was agitated like the sand of a desert by a whirlwind: Revenge engrossed her thoughts, banished every other passion, and eradicated every other idea. She vowed to pursue Zelis to destruction, because her importance was lessened by the desertion of Hamed, though she abhorred at the same time the turpitude of her intentions. She forgot to survey herself in the talisman of truth, and Abdaric was no longer remembered by her. One evening, while she was in this torturing situation, Cadige informed her, that by perpetually filling the ears of Hamed with the ill-health, ill-nature, and ill-behaviour of Zelis, she had almost persuaded him to abandon her; and that the anguish of disappointment had greatly diminished the lustre of her charms. Zulima heard the news with alacrity; and flushed with the hope of triumphing over a formidable rival, began to deck herself with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the rainbow glowed on her silky vestments; but her joy was of short duration, for on casting her eye
sud.

suddenly on the talisman, she sunk down upon her sofa without motion, and without sense. While the slave flew to procure a restorating Medicine, the earth opened, and Abdaric appeared. Zulima heard the rustling of his beard, which sounded like the roaring of a cataract, and awaked; but was awe-struck, and endeavoured to screen herself from his penetrating looks with her veil. But that stratagem was a vain one, for with a touch of his wand it fell to the ground. She reddened with shame, and was abashed: When thus spoke the genius.

‘Thou canst not conceal thyself, O
‘frail daughter of the dust, from an all-
‘seeing eye. Thou hast made use of
‘the most criminal methods to render thy-
‘self an object of horror. I am now
‘come to advise thee to act right: and
‘to condemn thee for having acted wrong.
‘Thy crimes are of so black a dye, they
‘cannot be punished with too much
‘rigour. I warned thee of thy danger,
‘when thou stoodst tottering on the brink
‘of a precipice. Why didst thou not
‘follow my advice? Know inconsiderate

‘Zu-

‘Zulima, that a beautiful woman, without innocence and virtue, is like an Almond-tree in winter, stript of its foliage and fruit.’ When he had uttered these words, he struck the unhappy Zulima with his wand. She instantly became a spotted serpent and crawled upon the earth before him. Abdaric then turned to Cadige, who at this juncture arrived with the juice of a plant, which the sages of phyfic always administer, when the powers of reason are suspended. ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘thy wretched mistress: seven years shall she thus creep upon the earth a noisome reptile in the gardens of Hamed, who now revels in his bower, compleatly happy in being united to Zelis, the most amiable woman in the east. When she can take a pleasure in the felicity of others, she shall re-assume a human form. Seven years shall she continue in beauty’s brightest bloom, without one lover to sooth her pride, one admirer to flatter her vanity. If, at the expiration of the last year, she is convinced of her past errors, and can render her mind as faultless

‘less as her person; she may then, even
‘Zulima may then be happy.’

At the conclusion of this speech he
funk again into the earth, and it closed
with a noise like the bursting of a cloud
impregnated with sulphur.

ON

ON THE
PLEASURES and ADVANTAGES of HOPE.

“ Hope, of all ills that men endure
“ The only cheap, and universal cure !
“ Thou captive’s freedom, and thou sick man’s
“ health,
“ Thou loser’s victory, and thou beggar’s
“ wealth.”

COWLEY.

H OPE and fear are the first passions that agitate the human mind : In our very infancy they find entrance ; and operate before we are capable of receiving any other, they guide our actions in maturity : retain their vigour even to extream old age, and never totally forsake us till death and eternity close the scene, and leave nothing more to wish for.

They are passions, which, if taken in a religious sense, seem inspired by the Creator himself ; for what can more instigate us to acts of piety and devotion, than the everlasting rewards which hope presents in prospect to the virtuous mind !

OR

or what restraint from crimes, equal to that which arises from the fear of those tremendous punishments threatened to the guilty! Hope is, in my opinion, the most precious good we can enjoy, our sure defence in all the assaults of adverse fortune, and a great step to the attainment of more prosperous enjoyments: Whoever chides it from him, and encourages its opposite, sinks beneath the burthen of his fate, and is in danger of rising no more; but he who preserves it will be climbing still, and though he may be oft repulsed, is untoiled with disappointment, and never loses the prospect of his wish.

It was chiefly by being strongly possessed of this passion that Julius Cæsar gained the battle of Pharsalia; and had Cato not been entirely abandoned by it, he had persisted in his endeavours for the liberty of his country, and possibly retrieved it too.

Alexander the Great thought so highly of it, that when chosen General of the united States against Persia, he divided his whole Kingdom of Macedon among
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his officers, giving towns to some, cities to others, and whole provinces to those whose capacities in his judgment merited them. Parmenio, who was one that profited by this extraordinary bounty, beheld it with surprise, and asked his Majesty what he reserved for himself? 'Hope!' replied that prince: implying, that he esteemed it above every thing; and indeed his future glories proved it was with justice he did so, since it was by that encouraged and emboldened he acquired them.

On what pursuit soever the soul of man is bent, whether to the attainment of love, honour, or riches, how languid, how enervate will be the efforts he makes, if not animated by the hope of succeeding! Yet notwithstanding this obvious truth, those people who judge of things only as they appear to themselves, are apt to turn this glorious passion into ridicule: they look on a person who aims at any thing they imagine is out of his reach, as an extravagant being, and treat all the schemes he proposes as so many visionary delusions: he is laughed at by his enemies, and pitied

ted by his friends; who perhaps, by their mistaken counsels, avert the inspirations of his good genius, and turn him from the only means by which he might arrive at happiness. But I would fain know of those opposers of hope, what reasons they can give for our endeavouring to repel the dictates of so pleasing, and at the same time so beneficial a passion: for my part, I must confess it comes not within the reach of my apprehension to conceive any thing their surly wisdoms can offer, that would be sufficient to compensate for what we should lose in being deprived of hope, even though it happen to be vain, because the very deception it puts upon us is a blessing for the time it lasts.

The ancient Philosophers have proved by arguments, I think unanswerable, that the real attainment of our wishes brings with it no proportion of happiness, which can come in competition with the idea of it, while we remain in a state of expectation. If this is granted, it must also be confessed, that those delightful, those rapturous ideas are made only so by hope,
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since it would be far from a felicity to contemplate on a good we wish, but are fearful will never be in our possession.

How many living spectres do we see, who, lost to hope, wander about the world, so wan, and pined with care and discontent, their very souls would seem dead, were it not for the frequent sighs and groans that discover their apprehensions of some worse calamity than what they already feel ! These are the slaves of fear, the antagonists of Hope, and the meanest, poorest of all passions : it makes the man who harbours it anticipate the ills he is doomed to suffer, and tremble for others that fate never intended to bring on him.

But notwithstanding what I have said of hope, I must allow that there is danger in indulging it too much : presumption, arrogance, and self-conceit, are as frequently attendants on this passion, as a mean bashfulness, or a sneaking behaviour, and an inability of exerting ourselves in a proper manner, are of its opposites. Hope is apt to inspire us with
too

too great a warmth, fear with too much coldness. It is therefore the first employment we ought to give our reason, to keep a due medium; to moderate both these passions, and not to suffer them to hurry us to any actions unbecoming of our characters or stations in life, nor to withhold us from the pursuit of any thing that in itself is laudable, because it may seem attended with some difficulties. It is also the business of wisdom to conceal, as much as possible, the natural propensity we have to either of these passions: to be conscious of having testified a too sanguine hope of any thing we may chance to fail in the attainment of, gives double asperity to the disappointment; and to shew we have been restrained by fear from undertaking any thing for the advantage either of ourselves, our friends, or country, which has been easily accomplished by another, makes us looked upon as unworthy the respect or confidence of the world. Hope is apt to make us place too great a confidence in things and persons: fear, on the other hand, inspires us with too much distrust:

trust: the one sometimes renders us the tools of our worst enemies, and the other guilty of injustice to our best friends. Dissimulation therefore in this case is no more than prudence: happy are those who can seem to have no excess of hope, or fear; but more happy those who know how to command both, and have penetration enough to discover when, and to which they ought most to incline.

There are certainly many things we ought to fear, and others which it would be wrong in us not to hope: virtue and true morality will point them out, as wisdom will in a great measure direct how apprehension, or expectation may be justified.

But as the scale of human probability frequently deceives, and events greatly depend on what we call chance or fortune, the safest way is not to build on any thing; to bear prosperity with temper, and adversity with fortitude, is the truest and noblest kind of heroism, the crown as well as proof of virtue, and will render us more easy to ourselves, more agreeable to our neighbours, and

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more acceptable in the sight of Heaven, than all the gilded trophies of the field, or favours of a Prince.

Those who would attain to or preserve this happy situation, let them make all things as indifferent as possible, but always take care rather to hope the best, than fear the worst.

DESCRETION REWARDED.

“ Forgiveness to the injur’d does belong,
 “ But they ne’er pardon who have done the
 wrong.

WALLER.”

IN order to entertain my fair readers,
 and to recommend to them an old-
 fashioned virtue called Prudence, I shall
 relate to them the following story.

An eminent merchant in the city, whose
 real name I shall conceal under that of
 Wilson, was married to a lady of con-
 siderable fortune and more merit. They
 lived happily together for some years,
 with nothing to disturb them but the
 want of children. The husband, who saw
 himself richer every day, grew impatient
 for an heir; and as time rather lessened
 than increased the hopes of one, he be-
 came by degrees indifferent, and at last
 averse to his wife. This change in his
 affections was the heaviest affliction to
 her; yet so gentle was her disposition,
 that she reproached him only with her

tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them. It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson might at that time be ranked among those philosophers: he had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he termed it) the persecutions of his wife. In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelve-month; seldom seeing him, but when business required his attendance at home. At the end of this time his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning after having taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodgings, she paid a visit at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way home at a thread-shop in a bye-street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson crossing the way, and knock-
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ing at the door of a genteel house over-
 against her. It was opened by a servant
 in livery, and immediately shut, without
 a word being spoken. As the manner
 of his entrance, and her not knowing he
 had an acquaintance in that street, a little
 alarmed her, she enquired of the shop-
 woman if she knew the gentleman who
 lived in the opposite house. 'You have
 ' just seen him go in madam,' replied the
 woman; 'his name is Roberts, and a
 ' mighty good gentleman they say he is.
 ' His lady,' at these words Mrs. Wilson
 changed colour; and interrupting her—
 'His lady, madam!—I thought that—will
 ' you give me a glass of water? this walk
 ' has so tired me—pray give me a glass of
 ' water—I am quite faint with fatigue.'
 The good woman of the shop ran herself
 for some water, and by the additional
 help of some hartshorn, which was at
 hand, Mrs. Wilson became in appearance
 tolerably composed. She then looked
 over the threads she wanted, and having
 desired a coach might be sent for, 'I be-
 ' lieve,' said she, 'you were quite fright-
 ' ened to see me look so pale; but I had

‘walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not stepped into your shop. But you was talking of the gentleman over the way. I thought I knew him—his name is Roberts you say, is he a married man pray?’ ‘Yes madam, and the happiest in the world, he is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great joy, his lady is now lying in of her first child, which is to be christened this evening; and they say it is as fine a boy as ever was seen.’ At this moment, as good fortune would have it, the coach that was sent for arrived at the door; and Mrs. Wilson, making an apology for the trouble she had given, stepped into it, where we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief not possible to be described.

The readers of this little history have been informed that Mr. Wilson had a country lodging, to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening, but in fact it was to his house near St. James’s that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above mentioned, but
from

from another motive than merely to shun his wife : the occasion was this.

As he was sauntering one day through the Bird-cage walk in the Park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches. Though plainly, she was neatly dressed ; and her air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw, in a countenance blended with innocence and beauty, a settled and composed melancholy. He stood looking at her for some time : but on her observing him, she started from her seat in the greatest confusion. The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak, he begged pardon for disturbing her : and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it. It is observed by a very wise author, that a woman's heart is never so full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it ; and as Wilson was a handsome man, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side.

As he was really heart-struck, he made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship, conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowed never to leave her, till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus:

‘ If sir, you, are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank Heaven that I have met with you: I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother’s consent, for which she had disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern’s widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

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'I lived upon this slender allowance
 'with all imaginary thrift; till an old of-
 'ficer, a friend of my husband, disco-
 'vered me at church, and made me a visit.
 'To this gentleman's bounty I have long
 'been indebted for an annuity of twen-
 'ty pounds, in quarterly payments.

'As he was punctual in those payments,
 'which were always made me the morning
 'they became due, and yesterday being
 'quarter day, I wondered I neither saw
 'him nor heard from him. Early this
 'morning I walked from Chelsea to en-
 'quire for him at his lodgings in Pall-
 'mall; but how shall I tell you, sir, the
 'news I learnt there! this friend! this
 'generous and disinterested friend! was
 'killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde-park.
 'I was so stunned at this intelligence that
 'I knew not whither to go. Chance
 'more than choice brought me to this
 'place; where, if I have found a bene-
 'factor, as indeed sir I have need of one,
 'I shall call it the happiest accident of
 'my life.'

The widow ended her story, which
 was literally true, in so engaging and in-
 F 5 teresting.

interesting a manner, that Wilson was quite melted into tenderness. He thanked her for the confidence she placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, which she readily granted; and walking as far as Buckingham Gate, a coach was called, which conveyed them to Che'sea. Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and passing for a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where by unbounded generosity, and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow. The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James's, where Mrs. Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay in.

It is now time to return to that unhappy lady, whom we left in a hackney coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. Happy for her that her constitution was good, and her prudence and resolution equal to it! In the morning her husband returned; and, as his heart was happy and without suspicion of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city some hours, determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him.

For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, drove directly to the house.

She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being answered, 'No; but that he dined at home,' she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company? adding, that as she came a great way, and had business with Mr.

Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

At this moment, notwithstanding the resolution Mrs. Wilson had taken, her spirits totally forsook her: she followed the servant with trembling knees, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance which adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who perhaps had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, with proper applications,

tions, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who in the tenderest distress was enquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows:

‘I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too, but his affections are gone from me: he is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am: it was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home I begged admittance to his lady whom I longed to see and to converse with.’

‘Me madam!’ answered Mrs. Roberts, with

with some emotion, ‘had you heard any thing of me?’

‘That you were such as I have found you, madam, and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, madam? I shall love him for his father’s sake.’ ‘His father madam,’ returned the mistress of the house, ‘his father did you say? I am mistaken then, I thought you had been a stranger to him.’ ‘To his person I own,’ said Mrs. Wilson, ‘but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature; if it is not too much trouble madam, I beg to be obliged.’

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had however the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witnesses the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears said, ‘It is a sweet boy, madam; would I had such a one! had he been mine I had been happy!’ With these words, and in an agony of grief and

and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady she had an excuse to leave the room. She had heard and seen what made her shudder for herself; and it was not for some minutes, after having delivered the child to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence for some time followed. At last Mrs. Roberts began thus:

‘You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child; pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you by the goodness that appears in you, acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I am determined to be just to you.’

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door,

door, and immediately after the entrance of her husband, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost chearfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to the spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows:

‘ I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised to see a perfect stranger in your house; but my business is with the master of it; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with.’

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his

his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words:

‘How I have discovered your secret,
‘or how the discovery has tormented me,
‘I need not tell you. It is enough for
‘you to know that I am miserable for
‘ever. My business with you is short;
‘I have only one question to ask, and to
‘take a final leave of you. Tell me
‘truly then, as you shall answer it here-
‘after, if you have seduced this lady
‘under false appearances, or have fallen
‘into guilt through the temptations of a
‘wanton?’

‘I shall answer you presently,’ said
Wilson, ‘but first have a question for
‘you; am I discovered? and does Mrs.
‘Roberts know it is my wife I am now
‘speaking too?’

‘No upon my honour,’ replied Mrs.
Wilson; ‘her looks were so amiable, and
‘her behaviour to me so extreamly gen-
‘teel, that I had no heart to distress her.
‘If she has guessed at what I am, it was
‘only from the concern she saw me in,
‘which I could not hide from her.’

‘You

‘You have acted nobly then,’ returned Wilson, ‘and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you; and now, if you have patience to listen, I will tell you all.’

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determination to leave her, and a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband.

‘She must consent,’ said Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; ‘she must consent. You are her husband and may command it. For me, madam,’ turning to Mrs. Wilson, ‘he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my intreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever.’

The harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was
hand-

handsomely provided for, and the child, at the request of Mrs. Wilson, taken home to her own house; where, at the end of a year, she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he shared his father's fortune. Mrs. Roberts retired into the country, and two years after was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and Mr. Wilson lived many years in perfect harmony with his wife.

Thus we may plainly see, that though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them, will one time or other most certainly regain it.

ON

ON CENSORIOUSNESS,

A VISION.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

"'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:

"But he who filches from me my good name,

"Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

"But makes me poor indeed!"

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps indeed an innocent and unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit by reflexion upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse, or sometimes a defence for inquisitiveness; but certainly it is beyond all excuse, a transgression against humanity:

nity : To carry the matter farther, is, as I may say, to tear off the dressings from the wound of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion ; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an out-rage of a higher nature, which mankind are guilty of when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous and hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge ; that scandals are told, because another has told such before ; that resentments and quarrels arise, and injuries are given, received, and multiplied in a scene of vengeance.

All this I have often observed with abundance of concern, and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent a distraction from outward objects, and a
while

while after shot away into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities became visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country, where I happened to alight, was the most noisy that I ever heard. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks murmured, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition; so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me.

At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald (and as I afterwards understood) called Novelty. He came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and had an hundred ears upon her head to serve in her inquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown: she seemed to be like a wife, and had an hundred tongues to spread her stories.

The

The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with an hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information boasted of.

These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day she was shuffled into a crowd, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her, and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments.

The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion. She had formerly seen these
three

three together, and conjecturing, from the number of their ears, tongues and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Occular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last that followed were some who had closely mus-
 fled themselves in upper-garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but, just as the foremost of them was come up, 'I am glad,' says she, calling me by my name, 'to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and make strict obser-
 vation on all that passes.' Her voice was sweet and commanding. I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learnt the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward through the rookery of rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it,
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and a thousand whispering-holes for the conveyance of sound.

The hall we entered was formed with the art of a musick-chamber for the improvement of noises : rest and silence were banished from the place. Stories of different natures wandered in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes like themselves clashing against each other. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatick countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and caps of a white earth, were planted in order, then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moonshine, and water being put to them there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for forming a libation to the infernal powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity retiring to a withdrawing-room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a sett of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talka-

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tive-

tiveness gave each of them a name of some one whom for the time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all over with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking-trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the Deity of the place was propitious and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief or resentment were heard within it. Thus the three forcereffes discovered, that they, whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigie. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure

dure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her veil and upper garment of reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking-trumpet ceased to sound. The sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, till then unknown to the place, diffused around it.

At this the detected forcereffes endeavoured to escape in a cloud which I saw began to thicken round them; but it was soon dispersed, their charms being controuled, and prevailed over by a superior Divinity.

For my part I was exceeding glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishment Truth would inflict on them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houses; to nail the tongues of Talkativeness to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light: in respect to Credulity I had indeed some little pity, and had

I been judge, she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs. She knew them for such as will not entirely be destroyed while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them, in order to make them avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame, ever blushing, and Trouble with a whip of many lashes, two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. She then ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other never let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame, at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment. Censoriousness was, in a like manner,

manner, begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained one to another by the order of Truth, she drove them from her presence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

ON THE
REQUISITES OF CONVERSATION.

Particularly in the FAIR SEX.

- “ There is a Time
 “ For those, whom wisdom and whom nature
 charm,
 “ To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 “ And soar above the little scene of things ;
 “ To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their
 feet,
 “ And sooth the throbbing passions into peace.”

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THE genuine intention of social intercourse, for procuring charms in conversation, is certainly to make its votaries amiable, useful, and happy, to give solidity to every virtue, and grace to every relation of human life ; in short, to attune the finer movements, and exalt the best conceptions of the soul. The choice of our company it may be supposed, is left in some measure to our own choice ; but it ought not to be such

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as may have a tendency to corrupt good manners. This should be an established principle, and it should likewise be understood, that though in the society we choose to frequent, we cannot help seeking for that style of virtue which is most adapted to the turn of our own mind, yet this propensity ought not to be indulged too far. It is very natural, that at a time of blooming youth, in either sex, they should be particularly fond of sprightly conversation, where all is enlivened, and where wisdom, when allowed to enter, wears her gayest garb. To advise them against this were as weak, as it would be unfriendly. Sprightliness, when supported by sense, and chastened by decency, has ever appeared to me as a charming thing. Dulness and insipidity are dead weights on every kind of social Intercourse; yet, when the heart overflows with gaiety, is there no danger of its bursting the proper bounds? is not extreme vivacity a near borderer on folly? To prevent its breaking loose, and throwing itself into very serious inconveniencies, into a very hurtful conduct,

duct, will surely require the check of self-command; but is this to be attained by associating only with the fanciful, the vivacious or the witty? Or to represent things at best, is familiarity with wisdom to be contracted most readily, where wisdom appears most seldom? Would the young and sprightly of either sex, form habits of sobriety, a spirit of sedateness, no way inconsistent with innocent mirth, they must frequently resort to the company of the sober and sedate. But will not these be found chiefly among such as are farther advanced in years than themselves? Should not they be ambitious of profiting by their experience and knowledge? and will not a respect for superior age, when possessed of superior discretion, often prove a seasonable restraint on the wildness of more youthful sallies?

It is much to the honour of the male sex, that all the most sensible and worthy of the female have ever professed a particular relish for the conversation of men of sense and merit. Such men I presume are attached to the society of such
women

women beyond every thing else in the world: And when circumstances favour, this mutual tendency cannot fail to be a rich source of mutual improvement. Such reciprocal aid was, no doubt, a great part of nature's intention in that mental and moral difference of sex, which she has marked by characters no less distinguishable than those that diversify their outward forms. It may be therefore proper for persons of the same age, of the same sex, of similar dispositions and pursuits to associate together. But here we seem to be deceived by words. If we consult nature, and common sense, we shall find, that the true propriety and harmony of social life depends upon the connexion of people of different dispositions and characters judiciously blended together.

Nature hath made no individual, nor no class of people, independent of the rest of their species, or sufficient for their own happiness. Each sex, each character, each period of life, have their several advantages and disadvantages; and that union is most proper, where wants

are mutually supplied. The fair sex should naturally expect to gain, from the conversation of men, knowledge, wisdom, and sedateness; and they should give them in exchange, humanity, politeness, chearfulness, taste, and sentiment. The levity, the rashness and folly of early life are tempered with the gravity, the caution, and the wisdom of age; while the timidity, coldness of heart, and languor, incident to declining years, are supported and assisted by the courage, the warmth, and the vivacity of youth.

The conversation of people older than ourselves will be accompanied with less joy at the moment; but afterwards it will make abundant compensation. It will produce more pleasing recollection; and, be assured, those are the truest pleasures which are tasted by a mind composed and serious. In that situation every thing is felt more strongly. A dissipated Spirit is too superficial to be capable of deep or permanent delight; so that the experience and maturity of more years will enlarge the understandings of youth, at the same time that they will repress
their

their vanity and presumption ; while the sportiveness peculiar to youth will, on their part, enliven the seriousness of age.

On this principle, the company of those might be particularly recommended, whose disposition is of the most cheerful and the most charitable strain : they are strangers to human nature, who would affright the young by the frowns of austerity. Wisdom is never so attractive, as when she smiles ; and indeed in such as have survived the lively taste of delight themselves, there is nothing so noble or pleasing, as not to discourage others who still retain it, but, on the contrary, to shew a generous satisfaction in seeing and making young people happy.

Hence it cannot be imagined, that I want to preclude every degree of that manner of conversation which passes under the name of trifling. It is not to be expected that women should utter always grave sentences, nor men neither. It were inconsistent with the state of mankind. It cannot be expected from philosophers of the first rank ; nor, if it could, do I know that it would be desirable.

I am even inclined to believe, that they, who understand the art of what has been termed, 'agreeable trifling,' have gained a very considerable point. The frailty of human nature, and the imbecility of human life, require to be relieved and soothed. There are many occasions, on which this is not to be done by sage admonitions, or solemn reflections. These to well-disposed minds, are often highly solacing; but to dwell on them always were to strain the machine beyond its powers. Besides that, a seasonable diversion to anxiety, a temporary forgetfulness of grief, is frequently a far better method to remove it, than any direct application, or laboured remedy. To change the metaphor: when the road proves rugged, or is in danger of growing tedious, one successful means of beguiling it, is for the travellers to cheer one another by the play of fancy, and the facetiousness of mirth. But then the end of the journey must not be forgotten. Because we are weak, there is no reason why we should be silly. The brow of
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of care may surely be smoothed without converting it into the laugh of folly. Smile often, but do not smile always. There are many scenes that demand a grave deportment; there are not a few that call for a mournful one. Those, that cannot distinguish between laughter and happiness, never knew what the latter means. Never do the eyes of the fair sex shine with a more delightful effulgence, than when suffused with all the trembling softness of grief for virtue in distress, or solicitude for friendship in danger. The sigh also of compassion, stealing from a female breast (if her feelings are not affected) is far more musical to the ear, at the mention of calamity, than the loud bursts of unmeaning laughter with which we are often entertained; and give me leave to add, that the charms of innocence and sympathy, appearing in their discourse, will, to every discerning man, spread around them a lustre which all the jewels in the world cannot bestow.

“ The

"The soft tear in Pity's eye
 "Outshines the diamond's brightest beams;
 "And the sweet blush of Modesty
 "More beauteous than the ruby seems."

There is—yes there is, attendant on virtuous sadness a sensation, which in point of indulgence and elevation at once, is superior to all that was ever felt by a light mind, in the flush of festivity, or amidst the triumph of wit. Having mentioned wit, a warning will not be amiss against the affectation and abuse of it. It is not my design to gather up, if I could, the profusion of flowers that have been scattered by innumerable hands on this tempting theme; I would only observe that this dangerous talent has been well compared to a dancing meteor, that blazes, allures, and misleads. Most certainly, alone, it can never be a steady light; and too probably is often a fatal one: of those who have resigned themselves to its guidance, how few has it not betrayed into indiscretions? at least by rendering them little nice in their choice

of company; by seducing them into strokes of satire, too offensive to the persons against whom they were levelled, not to be repelled upon the authors with full vengeance; and finally, by making them, in consequence of that heart which produces, and that vanity which fosters it, forgetful of those cool and moderate rules that ought to regulate their conduct!

A very few there may have been, endowed with judgment and temper sufficient to restrain them from indulging the rash dexterity of wit, and to direct it to purposes equally agreeable and beneficial. But one thing is certain, that witty men, for the most part, have had few friends, though many admirers; their conversation has been courted, while their abilities have been feared, or their characters hated. The last, indeed, have seldom merited affection, even when the first have excited esteem: the faculty termed wit is commonly looked upon with a suspicious eye, as a two-edged sword, from which, not even the sacredness of friendship can secure. We
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are never safe in the company of a critic; and almost every wit is a critic by profession. In such company we are not at liberty to unbend ourselves; all must be the straining of study, or the anxiety of apprehension. How painful! Where the heart may not expand and open itself with freedom; farewell to real friendship, farewell to convivial delight! But to suffer this restraint at home, what misery! From the brandishings of wit in the hand of ill-nature, of imperious passion, or of unbounded vanity, who would not fly? But when that weapon is pointed at a husband, is it to be wondered if from his own house he takes shelter in a tavern? He sought a soft friend; he expected to be happy in a reasonable companion: he has found a perpetual satirist, or a self-sufficient prattler. But take the matter at best; there is still a great difference, between the entertainer of an evening, and a partner for life: of the latter, a sober mind, steady attachment, and gentle manners, joined to a good understanding, will ever be the chief recommendations; whereas the qualities

lities that sparkle, will be often sufficient for the former. As to the affectation of wit, one can hardly say whether it is most ridiculous or hurtful: the abuse of it we are sometimes, perhaps too often, inclined to forgive for the sake of that amusement, which, in spite of all the improprieties mentioned, it yet affords. The other is universally contemptible and odious. Who is not shocked by the flippant impertinence of a self-conceited woman, that wants to dazzle by the supposed superiority of her powers? If a woman has knowledge and capacity, rather let it be seen, by her not affecting to shew them, that she has something much more valuable, humility, and wisdom. But my readers will say, must women be obliged to silence? by no means; there may be many cases in which it will be proper, that with an unassuming air they should endeavour to support and enliven conversation. It is hard if they cannot distinguish between good-breeding and pertness; between an obliging study to please, and an indecent desire to put them-

themselves forward; between a laudable inquisitiveness, and an improper curiosity.

What words can express the impertinence of a female tongue let loose into boundless loquacity? Nothing can be more stunning, except where a number of fine ladies open at once: Protect us, ye powers of gentleness and decorum, protect us from the disgust of such a scene!

For endless prattling, and loud discourse, no degree of capacity can atone.

“ Wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,

“ Too strong for feeble woman to sustain.

The noisy, empty, trivial chatter of everlasting folly, is too much for human patience to put up with. How different from that playful spirit in conversation, spoken of before, which blended with good sense, and kept within reasonable bounds, contributes, like the lighter and more careless touches of a picture, to give an air of ease and freedom to the whole! This freedom and ease, when accompanied with decency and variety, a certain native prettiness, and unstudied correctness, are among the most pleasing characteristics

characteristics of female society in its best shape : On cultivating therefore a proper spirit of conversation, will depend a great part of the proficiency of the youth of both sexes ; of their present acceptance amongst the wise and discerning ; of their future consequence and merit in society ; of their entertainment, satisfaction, and I may add safety, through the successive stages of life. Much of that life is spent in scenes of social intercourse ; and what felicity, what glory, may not be derived from those talents, by which life is sweetened, refined, and raised !

AN

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INNOCENT METHOD of REVENGE.

‘**W**HY do you speak thus of me?’ said an impatient man to his enemy. ‘Because it excites your anger,’ replied the other. ‘We speak ill of you only with a view of vexing you: appear not to mind it, and you will be revenged.’ The slighter we look upon an injury, the less power have our enemies to triumph over us: it deprives them of the pleasure they proposed, and, if they have any sensibility, makes them ashamed of their behaviour. If we are too sensible of injuries, it puts it into the power of the most despicable of our enemies, of the most cowardly and envious, to be a continual interruption and foil to our happiness.’

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ON THE

ABUSE of TIME.

“ The present joys of life we doubly taste
 “ By looking back with pleasure on the past.”

MR. Lock observes that we get the idea of time, or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas which succeed one another in our minds: that, for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it while we sleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance; to which he adds, and so I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one idea in his mind without variation, and the succession of others. We see that one who fixes his thoughts very intently upon one thing, so as to take but little notice of the succession of ideas that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest con-

contemplation, lets slip out of his account, a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is.

We might carry this thought farther, and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so on the other as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Monsieur Mallebranche tells us, that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven Heavens in Paradise, which the prophet took a distinct view of and was brought back again to his bed while it was still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down

at the very instant that the angel carried him away before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales, which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon.

A Sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was desired to place himself by the side of a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water and draw it up again. The King accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The King immediately began
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to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country: accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where after some adventures he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with her so long as to have seven sons, and as many daughters: he was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflexions upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his cloaths with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans before they say their prayers. After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but

but he found himself standing by the side of the tub with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side; he immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and for betraying him into such a state of misery and servitude; but was very much surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again. The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my readers to compare these eastern fables with the notions of those two great philosopher whom I have quoted in this essay; and shall only, by way of application, desire them to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural

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dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge. The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions: The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in ignorance and folly? the latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the former beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

O N
O E C O N O M Y

In the MARRIAGE STATE.

I Think it would be much to the advantage of both sexes, could I make them sensible, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expences, and a more magnificent way of living immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be persons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and so glittering an appearance, as if they were making so many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the gaudy liveries, the supernumerary train of attendants, the great house, the sumptuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered cloaths, the rich brocades, and the profusion of jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many

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symptoms of madness in the happy pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

I remember a neighbour of my Lady Lizard's, who enjoyed a very clear estate of five hundred pounds *per annum*, and by living frugally upon it, was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Miss Fanny Flippant, the reigning toast in those parts. In a word he married her; and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable, by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He in less than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burthen to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight was the very reverse to Squire Wiseacre's. He had lived a bachelor some years in the best companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle-horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the

lad-

saddle-horses and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered cloaths and laced linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change; he would answer, 'In single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen casualties, as well as with a great many distant, but unavoidable expences: the happiness or misery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my duty, till I have laid up a provision for three or four children at least.' 'But prithee Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why shouldst thou reckon thy chickens before——' Upon which he cut him short, and replied, 'Tis no matter; a brave man can

‘never want heirs, while there is one
 ‘man of worth living.’ This precautionary
 way of reasoning and acting, has proved
 to Mr. Foresight and his Lady, an uninter-
 rupted source of felicity. Wedlock
 sits light and easy upon them; and they
 are at present happy in two sons and a
 daughter, who a great many years hence
 will feel the good effects of their parents
 prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting
 where I have read, that in some parts
 of Holland it is provided by law, that
 every man, before he marries, shall be
 obliged to plant a certain number of trees,
 proportionable to his circumstances, as a
 pledge to the government for the main-
 tenance of his children. Every honest as
 well as prudent man, should do something
 equivalent to this, by retrenching all fu-
 fluous and idle expences, instead of fol-
 lowing the extravagant practice of per-
 sons who sacrifice every thing to their
 present vanity, and are never a day before-
 hand in thought. I know not what de-
 light splendid nuptials may afford to the
 generality of the great world; I never
 could

could be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jiggling it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expence of her childrens future subsistence.

How singular, in the age we live in, is the prudent behaviour of the young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds in jewels; but, before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. ‘Sir,’ replied Sophia, ‘I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleased only to give me the money, and I will endeavour to lay it out to better advantage. I am not,’ continues she, ‘at all fond of these expensive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution to my happiness; I should be ashamed to appear in public

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‘for

' for a few days in a dress that does not
 ' become me at all times : besides, I see
 ' by that modest plain garb of yours, that
 ' you are not yourself affected with the
 ' gaiety of apparel. When I am your
 ' wife, my only care will be to keep my
 ' person clean and neat for you, and not
 ' to make it fine for others.' The gen-
 tleman, transported with this excellent
 turn of mind in his mistress, presented
 her with the money in new gold. She
 purchased an annuity with it ; out of the
 income of which, at every revolution of
 her wedding-day, she makes her husband
 some pretty present, as a token of her
 gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love ;
 part of it she yearly distributes among her
 indigent, and best-deserving neighbours,
 and the small remainder she lays out in
 something useful for herself and children,

AN

Eastern SAGE's Advice to his SON.

ZAMTI my son, thou hast wisdom, thou hast knowledge, thou hast riches, and art not happy, because thou lackest content, the source of virtue. Thou hast explored the ample field of variety, but hast not experienced righteousness: thou hast rambled over the enchanting meads of vanity, and amidst all the sublunary enjoyments, dost not consider that purity of heart is requisite to the making thee happy: thou dost not apply thy wisdom to the researches of truth. The transitory delusions of this life are replete with the bewitching momentary pleasures of folly, therefore they yield no satisfaction, but contribute to annoy the possession with the calamities of discontent. The glorious sun shines on all thy treasures, and fails not to cheer thee with his early and declining rays. Canst thou not see a bright example in the prospect of all nature? Yet is

not thy heart elated with the reflection of thy own power. Thou hast good and evil, pleasure and woe in view: the opportunity of thy chusing alone evinces thy happiness. If thy lascivious eye is ever watchful over the daughters of the East, determine thy choice according to the result of thy passion, and reward her for life, considering the advantages of her inclination towards thee; whereby thou wilt possess the serenity of a tranquil mind, encouraging thee to relinquish by degrees the pursuits of thy roving amusements. Thou wilt then acquire new ideas, and every day will bring thee nearer to the delightful mount of Reason: thy pleasures will continually vary their course till thou hast attained the summit; from whence thou wilt be able to look down on all thy actions with the calm satisfaction of government.

The incidents attendant on human life should be considered as preparatory trials for a future state, destined by the omnipotent Creator. Frailty and foible are inseparable twins, and never-failing companions to mankind: to them we must sub-

mit in every changing scene of action, and happy are they who have intrepidity to withstand their misfortunes; but such intrepidity must arise from a basis of sound judgment and solid reason.

If thou art oppressed with any cares of melancholy, remember they are the offspring of thy own indolent situation. Call to thy mind the state of the scorched pilgrim, who having compleated his journey sits himself down happy with the opportunity, and contentedly refreshes himself with the last sequin; smiling with grateful joy at the sufficiency allotted him by providence, while thou canst revel, securely at ease, in unbounded luxury. Dispose thyself, with great resolution, to act aright; withstand manfully the adversities of the mind; give thyself to frequent serious contemplation: in a word, pursue the dictates of the Koran; then will thy conscience warn thee to shun the rocks of evil, and the gentle gales of peace will safely waft thy tottering bark to the haven of true felicity.

TRUE HAPPINESS

CONSISTS IN

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

IF it is natural for man to use his best endeavours for making himself happy; if this is his only desire from the time he begins to live; and if he is so strongly actuated by this desire, that life even becomes a burthen to him when he cannot fulfil it; nothing is undoubtedly more necessary to him than to know in what true happiness consists, and what is the use he ought to make of it.

Happiness seems to court him to her embraces from all parts; but he either fails in the possession, or possesses her in a bad way; or he is not sensible of her charms, or he does not enjoy her in tranquility through the fear of losing her. It however commonly happens that man imagines happiness to be where it is not,

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or judges only of happiness by his taste and caprice. Some make it consist in gratifying their passions, others in conquering them. Several think they find it in the passions that flatter them, but never in those they are not affected by.

The ambitious man, though enriched by the gifts of fortune, commonly considers them with indifference, and is only captivated with glory, which seems to smile upon him with the most attractive charms; whilst the covetous man, making no account of this glory, aspires only to wealth, which he believes to be alone capable of making and keeping him happy.

That man takes pleasure in hurry and business: This finds no satisfaction, but in rest and indolence: Such a man esteems himself happy who is not so; and another passes for unhappy whose condition deserves to be envied.

I fancy to myself a man abounding with happiness, but solitary, reduced to himself, and sequestered from all commerce with the world. If he has acquired a great reputation, will he be sensible

fible of its value when he has none to admire him, or none that know how to prepare for him the sweet favour of praise, which may be reputed as due to him? Suppose this man to be possessed of great wealth; can he fancy himself happy if it is not in his power to make use of it? Should his genius be full of strength and fire, it will, notwithstanding, be often disagreeable to him; and as a combustible matter acting of itself, it will be consumed by its own heat.

Should this man have sentiments and virtue, at best he will have but a simple knowledge of them; for not being able to do any good, he will have room to doubt of his reducing them to practice. Should he have, in fine, the most exquisite talents, what will they avail him when they are useless, and when he cannot exert the first of all talents, which is that of shewing them in a proper light to be of service to the world?

From those certain truths let us draw a necessary inference, and say, that man is not sufficient to himself for being happy, and that he cannot be really so without

ex-

extending his happiness to others. It is true, that it often is enough to believe one's self happy to be so; and that misguided self-love may make us find pleasure in the most frivolous things: but this self-love, the chief of all flatterers, does not seduce us, but because it persuades us that we can deceive others; yet it would seldom deceive us, if it did not represent us as amiable in the eyes of our acquaintance, as it makes us appear amiable in our own. It is therefore from the esteem of others that we esteem ourselves; and that the happiness we cannot find in ourselves, is found in those we live with. But how much more certain and secure will not this happiness be, an happiness in some measure to be begged and earnestly solicited for, when we shall purchase it, when we shall deserve it by our benefactions; when we shall endeavour with all our might to make those happy who alone can make ourselves happy? For indeed, the happiness procured for others cannot fail reverting on the generous heart that produces it; it is a water, that, after having sprinkled a dry ground,
re-

reascends towards its source to flow anew from it.

The riches that are actually enjoyed may slip out of the hands of the possessors; but the riches which charity dispenses, though subject to capricious humours, last at least always by the pleasure or glory of having made them instrumental to the happiness of others.

Let us here form to ourselves the idea of a Sovereign, whose courtiers, people, and even strangers may vie with one another in foregoing his desires. A kind of adoration is paid him; but he cannot be ignorant that the homage he receives, is rather rendered to his dignity than person, or is more the result of duty, custom, and interest, than of pure and sincere love.

Having attained, as it is called, to supreme happiness, is he convinced of possessing it? are his pleasures not hurtful by their continuity? In his greatest pleasures does not he find the want of other pleasures, and of pleasures still greater? Cares besiege him on the throne, and with him seat themselves on it.
What-

Whatever satisfies his desires revives them; his passions grow upon him by every thing that lays them; by growing they multiply his troubles; they kindle anew out of their ashes to give him new torment; and his heart always empty, always athirst, always hardened against pleasures by pleasures, can have no other objects of enjoyment but uneasiness and disgust. His grandeur, which deprives him of the sweets of society, occasions the unhappiness of his life; and he is forced to own that, incapable of satisfying his desires, it is less given for himself than others; and that the chief of his cares ought to be for making others happy, in order to become so himself.

Give me a Sovereign of a humane and compassionate heart, and I will procure for him what seems incompatible with his station in life: friends who will make him sensible of the dangers of flattery, and will teach him, by their behaviour, that the sincerest praises are not those that are eagerly given, but those that flow naturally and without
any

any premeditated design. This Prince, made, by the goodness of his heart, the minister of God's providence over the people, cannot fail to find, in his own beneficence and in their love, sure proofs of their respect and obedience; he will have no reason to doubt of the praises bestowed on him; he will see himself live again before he dies, and even in this life will enjoy the immortality which is secured to him for futurity.

In like manner, all heroes and all great men, in whatever character they appear, cannot taste a truer happiness than that which it may be in their power to procure for the rest of mankind. Their virtue consists not in ravaging provinces, in sacking towns, in murdering poor wretches, but in making their country and fellow-citizens happy, either by driving away the enemy that threatens them, or by triumphing over him who is intent on their subjection. The glory of conquests is always defiled by blood; it is not acquired but by carnage and death, and its most noble pomp cannot other-

otherwise charm the senses than by being attended with fatality. But the purest and least equivocal glory is in making others happy. To conquer hearts is to reign over them; and this way of reigning must be by far preferable to that, which is supported by force and power; because power and force cannot be maintained more securely by other methods, than the love of the people who are obliged to obey.

After all, it is nature herself that teaches us, that we cannot be happy but by consulting the happiness of others. Have we children? we are solicitous concerning their well-being, and we willingly forget our own wants, to provide for them what is useful or necessary.

Such, nearly, are all those we make happy; they are our work, our production, adopted children, creatures we have formed, and to whom we in some measure give life; which before they had received only to spend or lose it in misery.

What is tender love, which is the sweetest of all sentiments? and whence comes this delicious sentiment? Does it proceed
en-

entirely from the pleasure of loving? No: undoubtedly its source is in the pleasure there is in exciting, in the beloved person, the same inflamed ardour by which we are transported; the sole aim of passion is for making happy the object who raised it. What do we observe even in the most indifferent societies? every member endeavours to make himself agreeable therein; so great is the persuasion, that, to make one's self happy, the first motion must shew itself in a concern for the happiness of others.

And in what can be found a more sensible pleasure than in the thoughts of having contributed to the happiness of our fellow-creatures? Is there any thing that flatters so much as procuring, for the unfortunate, favours or succours which they cannot receive but from their fellows, to whom God has confided the care of them? Co-operating with his goodness, they bear a part in his functions, and they raise themselves above human nature. Undoubtedly it would be degrading one's self to despise it: and is there not a kind
of

of greatness in having a due sense of the value of mankind?

The only inconveniency is by making ingrates: but has ingratitude the power of diminishing the worth of benefits? and does it not rather serve to make them shine forth with greater glory? Should a noble and beneficent heart confine the reward of its actions to sentiments it is not master of, rather than to the interior satisfaction it feels from them? If it should forget the good offices it has done, can it perceive the gratitude it deserves? Does it not know that the means for obtaining it is to require none; and that pretending to it, as a duty, is both to disgust, and to authorise it in some respect to be extinguished?

The rich, the great, all men, in fine, are maintained and preserved here below, for no other end than the utility of their fellow-creatures.

Doing good is the only pleasure that is unattended with remorse, trouble, bitterness; the only one that does not wear out, because long use, which hardens the heart against all other pleasures, makes this
every

every day sweeter, and more sensible. And this will appear more clearly, and by a very opposite contrast, in the base and perverse character of those who ground their happiness on the misfortunes of others, or who, gnawed by a detestable envy, make the happiness of others an eternal source of vexation to themselves. But even these malicious hearts, a kind of monsters in nature, prove invincibly, by the horror they inspire us with, that the greatest of all happiness consists in procuring the happiness of others; and that it is as glorious to confer benefits, as to deserve them.

ON

ON INGRATITUDE.

“ We ought to be just, before we are generous.”

BACON.

WHAT passes for gratitude, is often no more than self-love ; as actions proceeding meerly from ostentation, are complimented with the name of Liberality : so near does virtue border upon, vice that they are sometimes confounded even by the breast that harbours them. We think that we ought to do every thing in our power for the person who seems to love us ; and seldom consider whether, in returning a trifling obligation, or perhaps the shadow of one, we do not an essential injury to ourselves. As amiable a quality as gratitude is in reality, we should endeavour, if possible, to find some other ways of testifying it, than by those which rob merit of its due : and if it is not in our power, rather chuse to seem ungrateful than be base. The dilemma I confess is hard : and many a noble spirit has been bewildered,

wildered, and at a loss to chuse between the two extreams.

I was never better pleased in my life, than at the conduct of a country Justice at the last election for members of Parliament. Two gentlemen of very opposite character and principles set up against each other: one of these, whom I shall call Macrobius, had a little before procured a commission for a nephew of the Justice's, so thought himself certain, not only of his vote, but of all the interest he could make for him in the county. He did not however fail going to him on that occasion: and the first civilities being over, 'My good friend,' said he, 'I suppose you know I intend to stand
' candidate, and I believe are enough
' convinced of my abilities, and good
' will to my King and Country, to be assured I shall not prove an unworthy
' member; therefore I depend on you to
' do all you can to serve me.'

The Justice shook his head; but, without any hesitation, made him this reply: 'Sir, I am perfectly well acquainted with
' your abilities: but you must pardon
' me,

‘me, if I think the other gentleman,
 ‘who is your competitor, more quali-
 ‘fied to be a representative of this coun-
 ‘ty than you can pretend to be; not
 ‘only because he has a large estate here,
 ‘but because he has no manner of de-
 ‘pendance on the court, and consequent-
 ‘ly is less liable to be influenced: For
 ‘these reasons, therefore, I think my-
 ‘self obliged to use all the little interest
 ‘I have among my neighbours that he
 ‘may be chosen.’

‘How!’ cried the astonished Macro-
 bius in a great passion; ‘Is it possible you
 ‘can be so ungrateful! Did not I give
 ‘your nephew a pair of colours the other
 ‘day?’

‘You did sir,’ returned the Justice
 gravely. ‘I thank you for the favour:
 ‘I am not ungrateful, and would return
 ‘it in its kind. My nephew wanted a
 ‘commission, you got him one; and
 ‘whenever you have any dependant out
 ‘of employment, send him to me, and I
 ‘will make him my clerk. This sir is
 ‘all the retaliation I can make, and I
 ‘think, the difference of our circumstances

considered, it is pretty adequate to the obligation.

The would-have-been member was ready to burst with inward rage at this sneer; but knowing how great the Justice's influence was, he concealed it as much as possible, and omitted nothing that might soothe and bring him into better humour. But his flatteries, as his resentments, were equally ineffectual; the Justice could not be prevailed upon to sacrifice his honesty to his gratitude; and Macrobius, to his great mortification, was obliged to depart as he came.

When favours are conferred with a latent view of corrupting the integrity of a man, or the chastity of a woman, they ought (when discovered to be such) to bring only contempt on the person who bestows them: Gratitude, in this case, would be the worst of vices; and all dispositions towards it in the heart should be banished, as traitors to honour and virtue.

It is greatly to be wished, for the happiness and reputation of mankind, that there were fewer instances of this destructive gratitude in both sexes, than some late

late years have produced ; and that we could prevail on ourselves rather to return to the rusticity of the ancient Britons, than, by this guilty complaisance to our betrayers, become accessory to our own perdition, and entail shame and misery on our posterity. Let no one imagine that by pointing out the rocks on which a temper, grateful to excess, is liable to split upon, I mean to recommend its opposite as the safest rule to steer by ; for Heaven forbid that so pernicious a doctrine should ever be propagated : All I have said is no more, than an endeavour to rectify some mistakes concerning it ; and to shew that what is called ingratitude by the unthinking part of the world, is not always so ; and that even if it were, could not sometimes be avoided without running into faults of an equally detestable kind.

THE
 PORTRAIT OF VIRTUE.

"Virtue is amiable, mild, serene ;

"Without, all beauty ; and all peace within."

LYTTELTON.

VIRTUE is nothing but an act of loving that which is to be beloved ; and that act is prudence : from whence not to be removed, is fortitude ; not to be allured by inticement, is temperance ; not to be diverted by pride, is justice.

Virtue is the path to honour. All the external pleasures that mortality is capable of, can never enkindle a flame that can so bravely warm the soul as the love of virtue, and the certain knowledge of the rule we have over our own wild passions.

Every virtue hath two vices, that close her up in straitened limits ; and if she swerves though but a little, she suddenly steps into error. Virtue is indeed like a rich stone, however set, full of native lustre,

lustre, but generally most esteemed in a form that is agreeable, though not of delicate features; and that hath rather dignity of presence, than beauty of respect.

So goodly a thing is virtue in itself, that even her shadow, and the similitude thereof in persons conspicuous, doth much good. To particular men, by imitation; to the public, by participation. The defect is usually much worse than the excess; because this though it overpass the golden line of mediocrity, yet it hath much in it that still relisheth of virtue; whereas the defect never cometh near it.

Virtue is to be embraced rather for its own sake, than ours; for the goodness that is in it, not for the good we get by it. To do what arises from a good motive, is better than to do that which is simply good; for a man may do what is honest sometimes against his will; but in all virtuous actions there is a free election. The best armour against misfortunes is our virtue, yet it is too often looked upon as a thing that exists only in idea;

and well-doing stands so in the midst of two contrary evils, that it is a ready matter to cast a slanderous shade upon the most shining virtues; yet vice itself is forced to seek the sanctuary of virtue.

The mind of Virtue is still itself, and will be itself, let Fortune's arithmetic be either adding or subtracting. It hath fame, though it works not for fame's sake; for the eyes and tongues of the worst have this enforced instinct, though they do not well, yet must they praise well-doers; and in the midst of their sin exalt virtue. So rare is virtue that I never yet saw her so fastened to any man, as that I might always call him truly virtuous.

Virtue is even, continual, and the same, and can therefore break no where. It is not only not broken, but not tied together. No wise man did ever describe felicity without virtue, and no good man did ever think virtue could depend upon the variety of good or bad fortune.

By an inevitable misfortune, virtue is become neglected when in obscurity; and

and we are apt to put a value upon a glaring vice.

Virtue, which is not virtue but for the avoidance of dishonour, is rather pusillanimity under the veil of false courage; but holy virtues are like the chariot of Elias, all flaming with glory, to carry our purified souls even to the height of the Empyrean Heaven.

Outward powers make men great, but the inward make them virtuous: and virtue only produces a happiness that can endure the test of all changes. Virtue is not so proud, as not to extract what may be made good out of ill; for there is a spirit in all things, that being judiciously drawn out, will be rendered useful.

The shortest, and safest way to the temple of Honour, is to pass through the temple of Virtue. Excess of virtue stands in the account of crimes with malign eyes; so as to be culpable, one must be an able man. Purgative virtues are those which give to our souls a fixed tincture of sanctity. Illuminative, afford

us day-light, when we have vanquished the agitations of sense, and establish us in the sweetness of tranquility. The civil, draw us out of ourselves to apply us to our neighbours, and render every one his due, according to his degree in the good conversation between man and man.

The virtues of example proceed much farther in perfection; for they expose themselves in public to serve as models to others, and appear in charges and dignities, in the government of the commonwealths.

Virtues are the only durable riches: make good provision thereof, for all other blessings are but dust and wind. It is not necessary to propose honour as a reward unto virtue; for finding all her glory within herself, she is as well satisfied with silence, as amidst acclamations and applause.

The garment of virtue is an ornament so sacred, that even princes cannot disapprove the man that is thus cloathed. It is the livery of the King
of

of Kings; it is the glorious badge of the the most High. It is the tenure by which we lay hold of Heaven, and without this we are but outlaws, and cannot claim its protection.

REFLECTIONS ON DRESS.

“What is a Butterfly? at best

“He’s but a Caterpillar drest;

“The gaudy fop’s his picture just.”

HOW can a man place his glory in that which most debases him! The most magnificent velvet is but a pitiful thread stolen from the insect we crush under our feet. The finest-wrought gold no more than a base matter dug out of the entrails of the earth. So that none but fools will pride themselves in their dress, or esteem others in proportion to the richness of their habits: but unhappily these people make the bulk of mankind. ‘When I look upon a prince,’ says the philosopher, ‘I send the gold and silver with which he is adorned into the cave from whence they were dug; the silk in which he is cloathed, to the worm whose produce it is; the croud of domestics with which he is surrounded, to the several parts from whence they came; and then I have nothing

‘ thing left of him but his simple person.
 ‘ This I observe with attention, and ana-
 ‘ lize it in my mind ; and thus prevent
 ‘ myself from being imposed upon by his
 ‘ appearance, to attribute to himself those
 ‘ things with which I see him furnished ;
 ‘ for it is certain, the pomp and pagean-
 ‘ try of the great make so large a part of
 ‘ themselves, that one is very apt to con-
 ‘ found them together.’

We should proceed thus with great men in general, and strip them in idea of their borrowed glories. How many of them would then appear miserably destitute of talents and virtue ! and entitled only from their rank in life, to that respect which we now pay them, through a false notion of their merit.

Happy those who have sufficient discernment to consider dress only as a tribute due to society, and not a subject for triumph ! The bird every morning does the business of his toilette with a stroke of his beak, and the fluttering of his plumage ; whilst we by nature born to command all animals, cannot boast such an advantage ; but must shorten a life

already too short and fleeting, by a ridiculous attention to a wretched body. The great art lies in bestowing no more of our time and pains therein, than what is absolutely required of every one, for the sake of decency and preservation, and his respective station in life.

RULES

R U L E S
FOR PROMOTING
CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

- “ Gentle shall those be rul’d, who gently
 sway’d;
“ Abject shall those obey, who haughty were
 obey’d.”

AVOID, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose upon his understanding; nor give him uneasiness (as some do very foolishly) to try his temper, but treat him always before-hand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained in this sublunary state. Consider before-hand that the person you are going to spend your days with is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing
in

in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; compose your temper, and try to mend it by chearfulness and good-nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be placed to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burthen which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed.

Resolve every morning to be good-natured and chearful that day: and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides; and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, let the occasion be what it will; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risque a quarrel, or create a heart-ach which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be

Be assured a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love; consequently it is her undoubted interest, by all means possible, to preserve and increase it. Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfactions with him, share and soothe his care, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Have you any concern for your own ease or your husband's esteem? then have a due regard to his income and circumstances, in all your expences and desires; for if necessity should follow, you run the greatest hazard of being deprived of both. Let not a day pass without a serious examination of your conduct, and if you find you have been guilty of any foibles or omissions, resolve prudently to be more cautious for the future.

O N

M O D E S T Y.

MODESTY is the ornament of females; it is more comely than jewels, more precious than the gold of Ophir!

Behold the daughter of Innocence, how beautiful is the mildness of her countenance! how lovely is the diffidence of her looks!

Her cheek is died with the deep crimson of the rose, her eye is placid and serene, and the gentleness of her speech is as the melting softness of the flute.

Her smiles are as the enlivening rays of the sun; the beauty of her presence as the silver light of moon.

Her attire is simple, her feet tread with caution, and she feareth to give offence.

She speaketh not the first in conversation, neither is her tongue heard above her companions.

She

She turneth not her head to gaze after the steps of men ; she enquireth not of them whither they are going.

Is there who hath forgotten to blush, who played with the wanton glances of her eyes, who replenishes the cup when the toast goes round, and despiseth the meekness of her sisters ?

Shame shall overtake her in the prime of her days, and the years of her widowhood shall be as infamous as many.

But wouldst thou be honoured of thy Creator ? wouldst thou be happy in thyself ? wouldst thou be lovely in the eyes of men ? Without chastity thou wilt be neither of these.

He that robbeth thee of it, will despise thee, and expose thy shame : and she who hath in secret forfeited her own, will be bold enough to hold thee in contempt.

Behold the house of Incontinency : the mark of infamy is stamped on the threshold, and fixed on the posts of the door.

At the window sitteth Misfortune ; if she seem gay, it is when she forceth a smile ; within are remorse, heart-felt grief, and unallayed affliction.

Be

Be therefore upon thy guard : for thou knowest not the weakness of thy nature, and great is the power of temptation.

Is there a man with whom thou delightest to talk ? Let not thine ear be too familiar with his discourse !

Is he accounted modest, sober, and virtuous ? yet depend not on the truth of these pretences.

Taste not the wine when the bowl goes often round ; nor join too often in the sprightly dance ; neither suffer opportunity to overtake thee.

By avoiding temptation thou mayest preserve thy chastity. Remember man is the serpent of Deceit, and woman the daughter of Eve.



THE

Discontented MAN, and the ANGEL.

WHAT is this world, Avarus cried,
But noise and nonsense, pomp and
pride?

Search all the universe around,
No perfect goodness can be found;
Sorrow, and indigence, and pain,
On earth have fixed their lasting reign,
The bad man thrives, the good declines,
Beset with poverty he pines.
Palsied with age, the reverend head,
Is numbered but as one that's dead:
While striplings, who but just can crawl,
Their fires push rudely from the wall;
And every fool, and every knave,
Conceited, hifs them to the grave.
The orb that brightens up the skies
Prolific shines on fops and flies,
Endues the noxious toad with breath,
And rears the plant whose juice is death.
The moon, pale regent of the night,
But sheds around her borrow'd light,
While villains, who abscond the day,
Uninterrupted rob and slay.

With

With various ills creation teems,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the streams,
 The' eternal cause of blood and strife,
 The chiefest curse embitt'ring life,
 Gold, baneful ore, the hills contain,
 And serpents lurk upon the plain;
 Tigers and wolves infest the woods,
 And sharks, and crocodiles the floods;
 Devouring locusts fill the air,
 To spoil the harvest of the year;
 How wretched is this earthly state!
 How partial is the will of fate!

As discontented thus he rav'd,
 And Heaven's eternal justice brav'd;
 Commissioned from immortal jove,
 His real sentiments to prove,
 An Angel came—'Thy murm'ring cease,'
 Ent'ring he cry'd—'I bring thee peace.
 'He, to whom every heart is known,
 'Has sent to claim thee for his own:
 'Fly this terrene without delay,
 'To regions of a purer day,
 'Whence springs the living fount of joy,
 'Eternal, and without alloy!
 'Where peace expands her downy wing
 'And choristers celestial sing.'

As when (permit the simile)
 Beneath a lofty branching tree,
 From Summer suns a pleasing shade,
 Some shepherd at his ease is laid,
 Sudden dark clouds obscure the skies,
 The thunder rolls, the lightning flies;

The

The tree falls blasted on the plain,
 The stroke but just escapes the swain,
 Who starting, with unlifted hands,
 And frantic looks, confounded stands:
 So stood the mortal all confess'd,
 Before his Heaven-descended guest;
 A pallid hue o'erspread his face,
 His pulse forgot its usual pace;
 His trembling joints together smite,
 And all is horror and affright.
 With faltering voice, and down-cast eyes,
 At length th' astonished wretch replies:

' The Power whose delegate you are,
 ' My heart for ever must revere;
 ' Yet, oh! my bright seraphic friend,
 ' His kindness for a while suspend.
 ' While in this vale of tears below,
 ' This thorny journey all must go,
 ' To vex the mind strange passions rise,
 ' Deform'd, unfit to meet the skies;
 ' Dull business takes away our guard,
 ' At present I am unprepar'd;
 ' A little space allow my stay,
 ' And call again another day.'

With thund'ring voice, and alter'd look
 Justly enrag'd the Angel spoke:

' Equivocating worm forbear
 ' To murmur at thy station here;
 ' Here center'd all your wishes tend,
 ' Their ultimate design, and end:
 ' Earth-bound, no longer brave the skies
 ' With nonsense, and absurdities;

' Call

‘ Call Heaven partial and severe,
 ‘ Yet hope to stay for ever here;
 ‘ Subdue thy pride, and hear from me
 ‘ What Jove has kindly done for thee:
 ‘ From chaos, and the realms of night,
 ‘ Without distinction, form, or light,
 ‘ H’s voice produc’d this fertile earth,
 ‘ And gave each plant and season birth;
 ‘ To finish and to crown the whole,
 ‘ Endow’d with an immortal soul,
 ‘ With sense and reason to his aid,
 ‘ In form majestic, man was made,
 ‘ From earth obedient to his call,
 ‘ He rose conspicuous Lord of all.
 ‘ Yet not for ever here his stay,
 ‘ This body form’d of mortal clay,
 ‘ As earth must have an earthly grave,
 ‘ The soul return to him who gave,
 ‘ There dwell with spirits ever blest’d,
 ‘ In realms of joy, of love, and rest.
 ‘ Yet in this transitory reign,
 ‘ Man is dissatisfy’d in vain.
 ‘ Made for his use, behold arise,
 ‘ Yon orb that gilds the orient skies,
 ‘ The sun: how gloriously compleat!
 ‘ Affording light, affording heat;
 ‘ Yet by the earth’s revolving course,
 ‘ When other worlds receive its force,
 ‘ Reflected, an inferior light,
 ‘ The moon returns her aid by night,
 ‘ Dun darkness flies from off the plain,
 ‘ Chac’d by her beams, and starry train.

‘ Im-

' Immenſe his bounties, who can tell,
 ' To pleaſe ſight, hearing, taſte, and ſmell;
 ' The pine-topp'd mountain, humble hill,
 ' The woodland dale, and purling rill;
 ' The choral birds ſalute the ear,
 ' The playful flocks around appear,
 ' And flowers of a thouſand hues
 ' Their aromatic ſweets diſſuſe.
 ' Obedient to his dread command,
 ' The clouds drop fatneſs on the land;
 ' The earth, the ocean, and the air,
 ' Teem by his vegetative care;
 ' His vital breath produc'd the ſpring,
 ' Bids hill rejoice, and valleys ſing.
 ' The ſeaſons at his will prevail,
 ' Refreshing ſhower, or fanning gale,
 ' Producing, from the appointed ſoil,
 ' For thankleſs man, corn, wine, and oil.
 ' Theſe are his works—if underſtood,
 ' Supremely great! ſupremely good!
 ' Whate'er ſprings from the teeming earth,
 ' Or by the genial ſun call'd forth,
 ' In nature have their proper uſe,
 ' Perverted only by abuſe.
 ' The ſerpent, toad, or crocodile,
 ' With all the ſpawn of ſlimy Nile,
 ' Have ſtill their proper ſphere aſſign'd,
 ' Are good according to their kind.
 ' The baleful plants, thy reaſon knows,
 ' Are fatal drugs—are fatal foes:
 ' Yet reaſon bids thee ſhun the ill,
 ' To taſte them is thy ſickle will;

‘ In some degree their virtue’s great,
 ‘ Protracting, not producing fate.
 ‘ So the fair vine, whose sprightly juice
 ‘ Enlivens by a proper use,
 ‘ Becomes, by taking more, we find,
 ‘ A madd’ning poison to the mind.
 ‘ If the good man, the bad oppress,
 ‘ His goodness still is ne’er the less;
 ‘ The bad, as bad, will Jove regard,
 ‘ And virtue find its own reward.
 ‘ This known, thy murmuring give o’er,
 ‘ Arraign the will of fate no more.
 ‘ With prayers and penitence atone,
 ‘ Thy crimes—and let the world alone.
 ‘ Confess, unworthy as thou art,
 ‘ That Jove in all has done his part;
 ‘ Walk humbly, and as well do thine,
 ‘ Or justly dread his wrath divine.’
 He said—and instant from the sight,
 Sprang upward—to the realms of light.

THE
L I T T L E N E S S
O F
H U M A N W I S D O M.

MAN measures earth, weighs air, surveys
the sky,
Explores the planets as they rapid fly;
Views suns, on suns, and worlds, on worlds advance,
Through the vast boundless, infinite expanse;
Yet knows not how a single grass doth grow,
A cherry ripen, or a lily blow.
Full of conceit, fed with temerity,
Nature's first principles he would decry;
By his own laws makes worlds, or worlds destroys;
Pervadeth all things with his piercing eyes:
Yet knows not how his foot obeys his will,
At his command, or moves or standeth still.
Such his presumption, folly, confidence,
He would describe the place of residence
Of God, and how he acteth, sees, commands;
All things past, present, future, understands:
But lives a stranger to himself, nor knows
How he began, exists, extendeth, grows;
Or how he thinketh; how he doth retain
A sense of feeling pleasure, fear, or pain.
Go wondrous creature! first learn to be good,
To cloath the naked, give the hungry food;

To cherish worth, true merit patronize ;
 Thy country's good and happiness devise .
 This done—of nature's secrets, beauties rare !
 Take to the full of thy allotted share :
 But strive to reach not what was pre-design'd
 Too vast for thee by the Eternal Mind,
 To whom alone creation does belong,
 Who made all right, ('tis thou that judgest wrong)
 To whom all praise and adoration be
 From this time forth, to all eternity.

THE
ANT AND CATERPILLAR,
A FABLE.

AS an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over
the plain,

A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd 'Bless your good worship, wherever you go!

'I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,

'I pay my respects with a hearty good will,'

With a look of contempt, and ineffable pride,

'Begone you vile reptile, his Antship reply'd;

'Go, go, and lament your contemptible state;

'But first look at me, see—my limbs, how compleat:

'I guide all my motions with freedom, and ease,

'I run back and forward, I turn where I please:

'Of nature (grown weary) thou shocking essay!

'I spurn you thus from me; crawl out of my
way.'

The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul,

Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;

But nature, determin'd to end his distress,

Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant was repassing the road,

(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load)

The beau on a violet bank he beheld,

Whose vesture, in glory a monarch's excell'd;

196 THE POLITE PRECEPTOR.

His plumage expanded !—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The Ant quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away;
 ' Stop friend,' says the butterfly, ' dont be surpris'd ;
 ' I once was the reptile you spurn'd, and despis'd ;
 ' But now I can mount—in the sun-beams I play,
 ' While you must, for ever, drudge on in your way.'

M O R A L,

A wretch, that to day is o'erloaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that despoise him—to-morrow.

MO-

M O T I V E S
T O
C O M P A S S I O N.

WHILST hoary hyems fast in icy chains
Binds in stiff glebe, and howls along
the plains,

Makes nature's face a shiv'ring aspect wear,
And robs e'en labour of its scanty fare ;
With cold and famine fills each rural cell,
Where jocund health, and peace were wont to
dwell ;

Say, shall the rich from their luxurious boards,
No viands give, nor yet unlock their hoards,
To soothe the rigour of inclement skies,
And stop the widow's tears, the orphan's cries ;
The keendistress, which e'en the heart might break,
Of the most firm—when tearful children seek,
A scanty pittance, parents cannot give,
Of bread—bread only, on which thousands live.
This, Heaven forbid ! since its all gracious plan,
Compassion gave to man—for suffering man ;
That fortune's sons, who roll in wealth and ease,
Might soothe the pangs of anguish, and disease ;
In streams of comfort let their bounty flow,
To blunt the stings of penury and woe ;
The poor and naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And gain immortal virtue's fairest meed ;

'Till equal laws oppression shall restrain,
 Or milder seasons yield increase of grain,
 To cheer the peasant's heart amidst his toil,
 Who tills for others' ease the stubborn soil,
 Yet asks no boon that Heaven or men can give,
 But food and raiment, and in peace to live
 To train his offspring virtuous, tho' not great,
 Those hardy guardians of the church and state.

THE
OLD MOUSE, and the YOUNG ONE.

A FABLE.

O Cease, Monimia, cease those sighs;
Enough, enough, of Florio's eyes;
What though his face, his shape, his air,
Will all these long encomiums bear;
How oft is inexperience told,
That all that glitters is not gold?
Love, prejudice for once apart,
Forget his face, and view his heart.
Haply behind that beauteous screen,
Deceit and falshood lurk unseen.
View well if honour, justice, truth,
Have mark'd the footsteps of his youth;
Or if with base, unmanly arts,
He triumphs o'er ungarded hearts;
And leads th' unthinking maid astray,
To leave her to remorse a prey:
If so, O shun the fatal snare,
Nor think him amiable, though fair.
For Clodius, void of every grace,
With clownish air, and low'ring face,
Who never breath'd the air of France,
And knows as well to fly, as dance,
Far nobler virtues recommend,
To form the husband, and the friend:

Whilst Florio's boasted charms discover
 No claim beyond a trifling lover,
 Whose gaiety, too late you'll find,
 Stabs deep and leaves a sting behind.
 Nay, never frown, but hear my tale;
 Examples strike, when precepts fail.

A little Mouse, too young for thought,
 Who priz'd no wit but what was bought;
 And thought instruction glean'd from rules,
 Was only fit to shackle fools:
 Young, pert, and vain, esteem'd it hard,
 To be of liberty debarr'd,
 So gain'd at length mamma's consent
 To see the world; and out she went.

The days were long, she travell'd hard,
 And went quite round the farmer's yard.
 New objects saw on ev'ry side,
 Astonish'd at a world so wide.
 In haste she took a transient view,
 (As travellers are apt to do)
 And hardly gain'd the barn by night,
 Unsatisfy'd, and in a fright;
 Though pleas'd through foreign climes to roam,
 Yet glad at heart, to be at home.
 Full many a day concludes the same
 Expected months before it came.
 A London jaunt serves country wives
 For conversation all their lives.
 This journey serv'd for constant chat,
 Approving this, condemning that.
 Two things she saw, above the rest
 Took strong possession of her breast.

' I saw,

' I saw,' says she, ' mamma, a creature
 ' Of lovely mien, and comely feature :
 ' In shape, 'twas something like our kind,
 ' With a long graceful tail behind,
 ' But larger than our neighbour rat ;
 ' Upon its hinder legs it sat,
 ' And with its fore-foot strok'd its lip,
 ' White as that milk you made me sip,
 ' Looking so tender, and so wise,
 ' And lick'd its face, and wink'd its eyes ;
 ' Such eyes I never saw before,
 ' Green as that grass before the door.
 ' Nearer I drew to hear its voice,
 ' Which seem'd a gentle murm'ring noise ;
 ' But happ'ning just to turn my head,
 ' I saw what almost struck me dead ;
 ' Close by me, stood a horrid creature,
 ' The most ferocious, sure, in nature ;
 ' With two long legs, and monstrous claws,
 ' Scratching it stood, among the straws ;
 ' Something it wore upon his head,
 ' That glow'd and look'd excessive red,
 ' All raw, as if without the skin,
 ' And dangled down below the chin ;
 ' It clap'd its sides, and with a voice,
 ' That almost stun'd me with the noise,
 ' It scream'd so horrid loud and clear,
 ' It made my blood run cold for fear ;
 ' I put the best foot first, and ran,
 ' As you did when you saw the man.'
 The Old Mouse smil'd, and said, ' My dear,
 ' How strangely you misplac'd your fear !

' The thing which gave you such a shock,
 ' Was a poor, honest, dunghil-cock ;
 ' Who wakes betimes to call his neighbours,
 ' Whilst scatter'd grains reward his labours.
 ' But for your beauty, with the eyes
 ' That look'd so innocent and wise,
 ' And something seem'd like one of us,
 ' 'Twas that most horrid monster, Puss ;
 ' Who every cunning art displays
 ' To work destruction on our race ;
 ' Ev'n from his kitlingcy prepar'd
 ' To catch young mouselings off their guard,
 ' Happy ! oh ! happy ! that you flew,
 ' Or he had lick'd his lips at you ;
 ' Had cranch'd your bones and suck'd your gore,
 ' Then wash'd his face, and look'd for more ;
 ' Nothing but flight could save your bacon.'

Young folks dont love to be mistaken,
 The mouseling thought it strange, if true ;
 And blushing, half convinc'd, withdrew.

MORAL

MORAL BEAUTY of the SOUL.

SAY, if we roam where all the Graces lead,
Thro' the cool thicket, or th' enamel'd
mead?

Tho' nature in her vernal pride appear,
Or laughing summer deck the vernal year,
What scenes of pleasure can the bosom share
Deform'd by passion, or disturb'd by care?
'Tis in the mind that beauty stands confess'd,
In all the noblest pride of glory dress'd;
Where virtue's rules the conscious bosom arm,
There to our eyes she spreads the brightest charm:
There all her rays, with force collected shine,
Proclaim her worth, and speak her race divine.
Vast as it is! does this stupendous whole
With half that wonder strike th' astonish'd soul?
With half that veneration fill the mind?
As those brave chiefs, the patrons of mankind,
Who mov'd by pity for the public weal,
Despis'd the tyrant's axe, the bigot's wheel,
Repell'd the cruel force of factious hate,
Or bravely fell, to save a sinking state?

Ye warrior kings! ambition's fav'rite train,
Who hunt false glory thro' th' embattled plain;
Tho' varnish'd speciously, your martial rage
Beams forth too brightly from th' historian's page,
Tho' lays divine record each impious name,
And worlds, misjudging, call th' oppression fame;
The honest man, from power at distance plac'd,
By freedom guarded, and by virtue grac'd,

More true rewards from reason's hand shall find,
Than ye, the storms and earthquakes of mankind.

So when some torrent, swell'd by hasty rains,
Rolls from the hills, and hides the neighbouring
plains,

The meads around one liquid mirror lie,
A glorious object to the strangers eye;
But worthier praises to the stream belong,
Which winds its waves the humbler vales among,
Improves the fields that grace its sedgey sides,
And pours fair plenty where its current glides.

O! would the royal race but learn to know
From what blest source their future praise must
flow,

Enroll'd with Titus in the lists of fame,
Succeeding times should sanctify each name;
The smiles of freedom o'er a realm to spread,
To bid fair science lift her lovely head,
To strike dead terror thro' the guilty breast,
To raise the humble and relieve th' oppress'd,
With lenient hand to stop the heart-felt sigh,
And wipe the tear from pale affliction's eye,
These! these are charms! to which compar'd,
the globe,

The crown, the scepter, and the purple robe,
The arm'd array, the courtier's idle state,
And all the low ambition of the great,
Meet with our childish toys an equal lot,
A moment's transport, and the next forgot.

Virtue alone, on active wings, shall rise,
From earth's mean pomp, and seek her native skies:
She,

She, of superior lustre nobly proud,
 Contemns the suffrage of the fickle croud,
 Mocks envy's darts, and scandal's pois'nous breath,
 Great tho' defam'd, and conqu'ror ev'n in death,
 Lo! glorious Hampden number'd with the slain,
 For freedom arm'd, on Chalgrave's fatal plain :
 O! while with mournful sighs you view his tomb,
 Own him more blest in that untimely doom,
 Than impious Cromwell; tho' his stronger fate,
 Grac'd him with all the gorgeous pomp of state.
 Who, base deserter of his country's cause,
 Despis'd her senates, and revers'd her laws;
 Chang'd regal power for arbitrary sway,
 Fought to enslave, protect'd to betray,
 And clos'd the horrid scene of social strife,
 With the sad off'ring of his Sovereign's life.
 Are there somethen who boast of worth that springs,
 From venal statesmen, and deluded Kings?
 Who without blushing own, their hands have sold
 Their fame, their truth, their liberty for gold?
 Who break each tie of public, private life,
 For founding titles, or a portion'd wife,
 Proud on their breasts a glitt'ring mark to bear,
 Which honour hates, and virtue scorns to wear?
 Tho' the misdeeming vulgar's dazzled sight,
 A while may bless these meteors' spurious light,
 Short is their joy!—let fortune hide her head,
 Such pride is tarnish'd, and such glory fled :
 While that unfading worth, which builds alone,
 On virtue's solid base a lasting throne,
 And by no random censures kept in awe,
 Is clear'd by conscience, and by virtue's law ;
 On

On fortune's smiles can look with coldness down,
Can bear, without a pang, her keenest frown:
The threats of want, of death, unmov'd can hear,
And, fearing God, disclaim all other fear.
Shine forth alike, oppress'd, or grac'd by power,
In courts, in camps, in exile, or the Tower.

SONNET ON GOD.

I.

ARISE my soul, and spread thy eager
wings,
To Heav'n fly, and there with angels join,
To celebrate the holy King of Kings,
The God of Gods, in harmony divine.

II.

'Tis he from whom all-ruling virtue springs,
In him all Heav'nly qualities combine;
He to our wounding griefs soft comfort brings,
And cheers our souls with gifts from wisdom's
mine.

III.

Eternal Lord! all justice, bounty, love!
Ador'd beneath, belov'd and fear'd above!
Oh! let thy angels round my steps attend;
My inmost thoughts let reason govern still,
Thy fortitude on all my actions send,
And teach me to perform thy sacred will!

REFLECTION, AN ODE.

WHILST beneath the woodland shade,
Cool, sequester'd, and serene,
Come Reflection to my aid,
Come my heart's propitious Queen :
Thou art the mirror of the human soul,
And in the world's career shew how our actions
roll.

The midnight rout, the festive dance,
The laugh-inspiring bowl,
The senses may a while entrance,
A while may lull the soul :
But when the fumes of Circe's cup are gone,
'Tis then Reflection tells us what we've done.

'Tis then we find the bitter pill,
Tho' gilded over to the sight,
That seeming sweet produceth ill,
And shews our transient delight :
The spirits flag'd, the body pale and wan,
And mere existence proves that each is man.

The blush of beauty, like the morn,
All charming to the eye,
Is in a little space withdrawn,
And only blooms to die ;
'Tis then, Reflection, by thy potent power,
We find that life is but a transient hour.

Still

Still be thy charms to all display'd,

At first not fair to view,

In time shall each be full repaid,

And own this maxim true :

' That by Reflection's power alone we rise,

' To know what's truly good, and truly wise.'

THE R O S E.

A FABLE.

A Giddy youth had bent his way,
 To where a bed of roses lay;
 Charm'd with a beauty of a flower,
 He pluck'd it; but, O fatal hour!
 A thorn beneath the foliage lain
 Had torn his hand with sharpest pain.

- ‘Curse on thy beauty,’ cry’d the boy;
- ‘Were charms like these but to destroy?’
- ‘Learn hence this lesson,’ said the Rose;
- ‘A thousand odours I disclose,
- ‘To please the youth, and charm the fair,
- ‘If pluck’d with prudence, and with care:
- ‘But if no caution they employ,
- ‘T’ obtain the fickle-fated joy,
- ‘No pleasure shall these wantons gain
- ‘Each joy shall be absorb’d in pain;
- ‘By them keen anguish shall be borne;
- ‘I blossom not without the thorn.’

Thus ‘midst life’s variegated way,
 A numerous throng of pleasures gay,
 Sweetly delusive, take their stand,
 To strike each eye, and court each hand:
 These chose with prudence, us’d with art,
 Tend to invigorate the heart;
 They chase the ills of life away,
 And out of darkness bring the day.

But

But if in gaudy colours dress'd,
 Each transient joy inflames your breast;
 And, fir'd by lust, with furious haste,
 You rush, the fleeting bliss to taste;
 Soon shall the joy, you strove to gain,
 Instead of pleasure, end in pain;
 Soon shall appear the hidden dart,
 And with keen anguish wound the heart.

The PHILOSOPHER, and GLOW-WORM.

A FABLE.

THE toilsome hours of day were spent,
 The world seem'd wrapt in calm content.
 Each anxious care forsook the breast.
 Sleep gently clos'd each eye to rest.
 Cynthia her brightest aspect wore,
 And Heav'n's expanse was studded o'er.
 A Sage, by meditation drawn,
 Forsook his cot, and sought the lawn.
 In contemplation deep he stray'd,
 And nature's dozing charms survey'd;
 On either hand new beauties view'd,
 As he his tranquil walk pursu'd.
 Experience own'd him for a child:
 His locks how silver'd!—aspect mild!
 By chance a Glow-worm, in his way,
 Display'd his little glittering ray,
 Proudly unfolding every grace,
 As trailing round, from place to place,
 Illumining the moss-fring'd plain,
 On other worms he look'd disdain.

The Sage, with philosophic eye,
 Survey'd the wanderer crawling by;
 Then stooping low, with gentle hand,
 High lifts him from the dew-fraught land.
 The Worm (tho' not dismay'd thro' fear)
 Conscious he was not in his sphere,

With-

Withdrew his beam of light away,
 To hear what man—vain man, would say.
 The learn'd Philosopher, amaz'd,
 Paus'd for a time, and anxious gaz'd,
 Astonish'd that the Worm should die
 So soon; then careless threw it by.
 But first this application made :

‘ This creeping reptile, lo ! is dead,
 ‘ And with his life, his glory's fled :
 ‘ So is't with all ambition's race,
 ‘ Who fill up each exalted place.
 ‘ Brilliant they shine with borrow'd ray,
 ‘ And wanton in the blaze of day ;
 ‘ Till fortune's second wheel turn round,
 ‘ And leaves them where they first were found.’

The Glow-worm with attention heard,
 And weigh'd with prudence every word,
 Trimm'd bright his little lamp again,
 And shone more beauteous o'er the plain.
 Then thus address'd the wond'ring Sage,
 The known Philosopher of the age :

‘ Know thou, the happy power to shine,
 ‘ Is truly man's as well as mine.
 ‘ I know my sphere : did he the same,
 ‘ He'd tread that path that leads to fame.
 ‘ Did he at dangerous times retire,
 ‘ And check, with care, ambition's fire,
 ‘ Like me he might new lustre spread,
 ‘ And deck with laurels fresh his head.
 ‘ But coxcomb-like he's led astray,
 ‘ To shine, and shines but for a day.’

O N

UNIVERSAL DISCONTENT.

'TIS wondrous strange ! and yet 'tis strictly true,
 Amongst so many thousands, there are few
 Who like the way of life themselves have chose,
 Or by that will decreed, which none should
 e'er oppose.

This shews that men are a fantastic race,
 Though they assume on earth the chiefest place,
 And make their boast that reason is their guide ;
 A gift to ev'ry creature else deny'd.
 And yet it does not to our sense appear,
 That ass would be no ass, or bear no bear.
 The man of learning, to be poor afraid,
 Extols the profits of the man of trade ;
 Whene'er he finds he no preferments gains,
 To answer his great study, charge, and pains :
 And grudging, envious of each other's fee,
 Doctors would lawyers, lawyers doctors be.
 ' O happy merchant-men !' (the farmer says)
 ' Who are enrich'd so soon, with so much ease ;
 ' While I with labour and incessant care,
 ' Get a scant living thro' the tedious year.
 ' The merchant, of the faithless seas afraid,
 ' Turns farmer, which he thinks a safer trade ;
 ' But quickly finds he is not there more free,
 ' From cross-events, than from a faithless sea.

I

' Some

- * Some chuse a soldier's life: but one campaign
 - * Alters their thoughts, and then they chuse again.
 - * Capricious mortals! yet they all pursue
 - * Content: ease is the game they have in view,
 - * But never catch'd; a fair delusive cheat;
 - * This life affords no happiness compleat.
 - * The nearest to it is an humble mind,
 - * To all the ways of providence resign'd.
- Then search no farther, but contented live,
With what your choice, or wiser Heav'n shall give.

THE SAGE, THE BOY, AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

FIRST mark'd on wisdom's roll, a Sage,
 The Plato of this modern age,
 Secluded far from courts, from strife,
 Breath'd, with content, a rural life.
 Calm virtue was his choice, his fame;
 He knew ambition but by name.
 A son to crown his years was given;
 The dearest gift that comes from Heav'n.
 Ye gods! what transport fill'd the fire!
 Loud roll'd the bells, soft trill'd the lyre;
 Incessant joys proclaim'd the birth;
 The low-thatch'd village rung with mirth;
 Time flew away with rapid wing,
 'Till Tommy bloom'd his seventh spring;
 Oh! then what joy! what bliss! to find
 The bent, the genius of his mind.
 Wisdom confess'd her child with joy,
 And mark'd with partial hand the boy.
 If e'er he err'd for want of thought,
 Papa an application taught:
 So prun'd, while young, this tender spray,
 To blossom on some future day.
 One morn in spring, to take the air,
 Hand link'd in hand, walk'd forth this pair,
 The Boy with prattling tales express'd,
 The dictates of his youthful breast;

The

The Sire with bliss attends the child,
 And at each winning action smil'd.
 Thus thro' the garden's walks they stray'd,
 And nature's blooming charms survey'd.
 A Butterfly, exceeding gay,
 The product of the month of May.
 Quite heedless seeks the painted flowers,
 To enjoy the morning's fragrant hours.
 A Rose attracts his wanton eye,
 Wasting its odours to the sky.
 Her foliage sweet invites his stay :
 Her charms would please the live-long day :
 But Tom beheld the gaudy fly,
 With inward joy—with sparkling eye ;
 He left Papa with eager haste
 And here—now there, pursues the chase.
 Now from the myrtle springs his prey ;
 From ev'ry herb, from ev'ry spray.
 Now sure to gain the motled prize,
 With hat in hand, he furious flies.
 The fickle Fly his art defies :
 The tears now start in Tommy's eyes ;
 His little cheeks were mark'd with shame,
 'Till in a tulip's cup his game
 Was snugly lodg'd—now inward fir'd,
 He press'd the flow'r, the prey expir'd.
 Alas ! how shock'd, deceiv'd he stands !
 He stamps the ground, he wrings his hands !
 His tender bosom throb'd with grief ;
 The Sire was near, he brought relief.
 The scene he long beheld with joy,
 And now address'd th' attentive boy.

L

' Thus

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- ‘ Thus whilst thou tread’st life’s giddy space,
- ‘ Pleasure will court thee to the chace ;
- ‘ With glowing charms she’ll meet thy eye,
- ‘ Her emblem is—a Butterfly.
- ‘ In the pursuit, some joys are found,
- ‘ But ah ! she ’s darts, that surely wound.
- ‘ If thy too-eager passions, blind,
- ‘ Rush on impetuous as the wind ;
- ‘ In thy embrace she’ll quickly cloy,
- ‘ And then adieu each tranquil joy.
- ‘ Mark then !—an eager grasp avoid,
- ‘ Or pleasures’ charms are sure destroy’d :
- ‘ Reflections dire will break thy rest,
- ‘ Content be banish’d from thy breast.

THE
ANGLER AND PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.

BESIDE a gentle murm'ring brook
An Angler took his patient stand;
He ey'd the stream with anxious look,
And waved his rod with cautious hand.

The bait with nicest art was drest,
The fishes left their safe retreat,
And one more eager than the rest,
Look'd, long'd, and swallow'd the deceit.

Too late she felt the poignant smart:
Her pitying friends her fate deplore:
The Angler with well-practis'd art,
Play'd, hook'd, and drew her to the shore.

Lur'd by the beauty of the day,
The sun now sinking in the sky,
A Sage pursu'd his walk that way,
And saw the bleeding victim lie.

Far in the vale of years declin'd,
He watch'd the course of nature's law,
And thus, with Philosophic mind,
He moraliz'd on what he saw.

220 THE POLITE PRECEPTOR.

- “ Indulge awhile, the pensive strain,
“ And fix this image in your mind ;
“ You’ve hook’d a fish; observe its pain,
“ And view the state of human-kind.
- “ Fate gives us line, we shift the scene,
“ And jocund traverse to and fro :
“ Pain, sickness still will intervene,
“ We feel the hook where’er we go.
- “ If proudly we our schemes extend,
“ And look beyond the present hour,
“ We find our straiten’d prospects end,
“ And own an over-ruling Power.
- “ A while we sport, a while lament,
“ Fate checks the line, and we are gone :
“ Dragg’d from our wonted element
“ To distant climes, untry’d, unknown.”

THE
RICH MAN, AND THE HERMIT.

A FABLE.

WITHIN his cell a Hermit sat,
Unvex'd with cares or idle chat,
And pass'd his time 'twixt books and prayer.
When lo! with supercilious air,
A voice, without, admittance sought,
Which from his seat the Hermit brought.
He view'd the man: his air and vest
Bespoke the grandeur of the guest.
Not charm'd with greatness, nor afraid,
No flatt'ring compliments were paid;
But like a christian, and a man,
He welcom'd him, and thus began:

- ' Stranger, your character and name
- ' I ask not, not from whence you came:
- ' Enough for me, it 's been your fate
- ' To find my hospitable gate;
- ' And he who on this spot is lost,
- ' Finds no inhospitable host.
- ' Is it refreshment that you seek?
- ' Or counsel from the sage and meek?
- ' Advice and succour I'll afford,
- ' Or spread my frugal, healthy board.'

The Stranger heard like one who cou'd
Dispise his counsel or his food:

' Believe me,' friend, ' I came not hither
 ' For this, nor that; I want not either
 ' To eat your food, or be advis'd,
 ' Nor talk'd to gravely, nor chafis'd:
 ' 'Twas curiosity alone,
 ' That brought me here: for of my own
 ' I've every thing that wealth can give;
 ' In power and affluence I live.'

The Hermit smil'd to see his pride:
 " And yet I'm richer still, he cry'd."

The stranger, with a sneering leer,
 Looks round, and cries, ' Why, live you here?
 ' Where are your servants, stewards, pages,
 ' Your horses and your equipages?
 ' Has Rembrandt's hand adorn'd your hall?
 ' Do Rubens, Titian, grace your wall?
 ' Or is it with rich tap'stry wrought,
 ' That shews how great Ulyses fought?
 ' Did hands, which work'd the Grecian story,
 ' Make known your riches, and their glory?
 ' Are you at Bath or Tunbridge seen?
 ' Those charming places! for the spleen.
 ' Or say, do, hospitals and actors
 ' Count you amongst their benefactors?'

The Hermit thus: " I ne'er, in truth,
 " Gave such an ostentatious proof;
 " Tho' yet I never let the poor,
 " Go cold, or hungry from my door.
 " The charms of Tunbridge, and of Bath,
 " I've never known, and freely laugh
 " At those who quit the quiet scene,
 " Because they're dying of the spleen.

" As

- “ As to the story of the Greek,
“ In tap’stry wrought, of which you speak ;
“ I need not that my walls relate,
“ The unhappy, suff’ring Trojan’s fate ;
“ I see the picture in my mind,
“ Which you have on your walls defin’d.
“ I’m rich without grandeur ; not like you ;
“ I’m rich, because my wants are few.

The SNAIL, the BUTTERFLY, and the
VIRTUOSO.

A FABLE.

THE lofty pines with tempests bow,
When humble shrubs scarce bend below;
Rebellion shakes the palace roof,
Whilst straw-built cottages are proof;
Thus glittering objects stand to view,
Court wonder, praise, and danger too.

Encumber'd with his house, a snail,
Crawl'd o'er the ground: he could not fail
Remarking, with an envious eye,
A little powder'd Butterfly,
Which fann'd with painted wings the air,
Lighting on flowers, now here, now there.
But whilst from flower to flower he flew,
Sipping from each the fragrant dew,
His charms a Virtuoso spies;
To catch him, now with art he tries.
From leaf to leaf the insect past;
But, still pursu'd, was caught at last.
On paper now transfix'd with pins,
The Virtuoso views his wings.

And as he wav'd him to the sun,
The Snail survey'd him, and begun:

‘ Behold the insect, fine and gay,
‘ Who sipp’d the fragrant sweets of May,
‘ And, deck’d with spots and colours fine,
‘ Sow’d envy in this heart of mine.

‘ How

- ‘ How just and sudden the reproof !
- ‘ Beauty’s a fading flower in truth ;
- ‘ I, unadmir’d by curious eye,
- ‘ Can creep unhurt, whilst beauties die.
- ‘ I live unknown ; their shorter date,
- ‘ Is made conspicuous by their fate.’

L 5

SPRING

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

I.

WHEN Spring displays her various sweets,
 And op'ning blossoms chear the eyes,
 And fancy every beauty meets,
 Whence do the pleasing transports rise ?

II.

Soon will their transient date expire,
 They fly, and mock the fond pursuit ;
 New pleasures then the thought inspire,
 And bounteous Autumn yields her fruit,

III.

Where smiling beauties charm'd the sight,
 Whose fragrance blest'd the vernal hours ;
 Nectarious fruits the taste invite,
 And compensate for faded flowers.

IV.

Thus when the spring of youth decays,
 Tho' deck'd with blossoms sweet and fair,
 Autumn a nobler scene displays,
 If fruits of virtue flourish there.

For

V.

For this the vernal buds arise;
 But if no useful virtue grow,
 Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
 And blossoms only serv'd for show.

A

RURAL MEDITATION.

WHAT soft delight the peaceful bosom
warns,

When nature, drest in all her vernal charms,
Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,
And crowns with every gift the lovely scene!
In ev'ry gift the doner shines confest,
And Heavenly bounty cheers the grateful breast.
Now lively verdure paints the laughing meads,
And o'er the fields wide-waving plenty spreads.
Here woodbines climb, dispensing odours round;
There smiles the pink, with humble beauties
crown'd;

And while the flow'rs their various charms disclose,
Queen of the garden, shines the blushing rose.
The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,
And ev'ry breezy whisper breathes perfume.
But this delightful season must decay;
The year rolls on, and steals its charms away.
How swift the gayly-transient pleasure flies!
Stern Winter comes, and ev'ry beauty dies.
The fleeting bliss, while pensive thought deplores,
The mind in search of nobler passion soars,
And seeks a fairer paradise on high,
Where beauties rise and bloom, that never die.
There Winter ne'er invades with hostile arms,
But everlasting spring displays her charms;

Celestial

Celestial fragrance fills the blest retreats,
 Unknown to earth in all her flow'ry sweets.
 Thro' flow'ry paths, and ever-verdant groves,
 Enraptur'd these the mind unwearied roves.
 Such blissful groves, not happy Eden knew,
 Nor fancy's boldest pencil ever drew.
 No sun, departing, leaves the scene to mourn,
 In shades, and languish for his kind return;
 Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,
 And faintly smiles on nature's drooping pow'rs:
 But there the Deity himself displays
 The bright effulgence of his glorious rays;
 Immortal life and joy his smile bestows,
 And boundless bliss, for ever, ever flows.

A N
O D E
T O
W I S D O M.

O Pallas ! Queen of ev'ry art
That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys !
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise.

Not fortune's gems, ambition's plume,
Not Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r :
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride
Those envy'd, glittering toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd ;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For pow'r, its amplest best extent,
And empire o'er my mind.

When fortune drops her gay parade,
When pleasure's transient roses fade,

And

And wither in the tomb,
 Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
 Thy ever-verdant laurels rise,
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
 The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
 Of ignorance and spite;
 Alike condemn the leaden fool,
 And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
 The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest;
 Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
 Where Plato's sacred spirit roves
 In all thy splendor drest.

No more to fabled names confin'd;
 To the supreme, all perfect mind,
 My thoughts direct their flight:
 Wisdom's thy gift, and-all her force
 From thee deriv'd, eternal source
 Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray,
 To regulate my doubtful way
 Thro' life's perplexing road,
 The mists of error to controul,
 And, thro' its gloom, direct my soul
 To happiness and good.

Be:

Beneath the clear-discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly

Of folly's painted show :
She sees thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but viriue's solid joys

Are vanity and woe.

EVEN-

THE POLITE PRECEPTOR. 233

EVENING. AN ODE.

MILD Eve ascends her throne: the God of day
Wheels his bright chariot down the west-
ern skies;

The blushing clouds, yet brighten'd by his ray,
Adorn the glowing sky with purple dyes.

The boist'rous winds are lull'd to sweetest sleep.
Softly and slow creeps forth the dying breeze;
Salutes the heaving bosom of the deep,
Or steals in whispers thro' the waving trees.

The genial dews descend on ev'ry flow'r,
With gentle lapse each murm'ring current flows;
Th' o'er-labour'd rustic hails the peaceful hour,
And hastes to blazing hearths and calm repose.

From yon blue field, yon wide expanse above,
What spangled glories burst upon the sight,
To gild the flow'ry lawn and shady grove,
And deck the solemn scene with streams of vary'd light.

At this still hour, when first the infant earth
Pour'd forth her bounties with unsparing hand,
Bestow'd on ev'ry fruit spontaneous birth,
And deck'd with choicest flow'rs th' uncultur'd
land,

All universal nature sunk to rest,
Guileless of midnight revelry obscene,
While man his couch, secure from danger, press'd,
Or slept in safety on the level green.

No

No midnight fires, no blazing torches bright,
 Scar'd the dun air with radiance not its own;
 No murders lurk'd beneath the veil of night,
 No daring outrage, and no crimes unknown.
 How chang'd the scene! Yet on this peaceful shore
 I seek contentment; here she sure must dwell;
 Here will I court her, and her paths explore,
 Beneath the straw-roof'd cot, or mossy cell.
 Or if the silent hour (immers'd in care)
 Steal on me unperceiv'd these walks among,
 Let Contemplation, heav'n-descended fair,
 Then warm my breast to raise the rapt'rous song!
 These evening shades, this dusky twilight grey,
 The solemn stillness of the sober scene,
 These last faint glimm'rings of declining day,
 Invite to calm repose, or thoughts serene.
 Thus life's gay scenes with all their pomp must fade;
 And pleasure with her mirthful train retire,
 When Time and Age the landscape have decay'd
 And quench in ardent youth the genial fire.
 O may my ev'ning then of life, secure,
 Shine with the lustre of fair Virtue's light,
 Whose brightness may thro' ev'ry age endure,
 And bloom thro' dreary Death's cold gloomy
 night.

ODE

ODE TO TEMPERANCE.

TO Temperance, thou gift divine,
 May all the universe incline;
 Fix'd in thy laws to persevere,
 And to thy dictates close adhere.
 Then sweet content shall fill the breast
 That welcom'd thee, angelic guest!
 Salubrious stream, by heav'n convey'd
 To invig'rate Nature thus essay'd;
 And balmy slumbers lull'd the soul,
 That check'd intemp'rance with cotroul,
 Contemn'd the dainties of a feast,
 Or spurn'd at lux'ry when express'd
 In all its pleasing forms to charm.
 The mind that don't securely arm
 Itself against those dire events
 Which flow from banquets forc'd contents;
 Or in the bowl capacious lurks,
 And aims its force at Nature's works,
 Debasing those of high degree
 From Reason's throne to revelry.
 The precious gifts of heaven use
 By moderation taught to chuse;
 The blest remembrance fills thy mind,
 In having us'd what God design'd
 To cherish Nature! Shun excess,
 And thy reward is Happiness,

O N

FRIENDSHIP AND RETIREMENT.

OF men! the happiest he! who far from
 public rage,
 Deep in a vale, with a choice few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of a rural life.
 What tho' the dome bewanting, whose proud gate
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatt'ers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glitt'ring robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What tho' from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain:
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When

When Heav'n descends in show'rs ; or bends the
 bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn
 beams ;
 Or in the Wint'ry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chill of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
 Here too dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
 Unfully'd beauty, sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
 Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.
 Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infants trembling cry !
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other Lands beneath another sun.
 Let this through cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
 The social extinct ; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,

Or melt them down to slav'ry. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right;
 An iron race! and those of fairer front,
 But equal in humanity, in courts'
 Delusive pomp and dark cabals delight;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free,
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape,
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting
 gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshened soul; her genial Hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates, writes, and oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss;
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,
 Awake to solemn thought.—At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift
 wings

O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too, and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul.—Nor purpose gay
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When ages dwelt, and God himself with man!
 Oh Nature? all-sufficient! over all!

Inrich

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to Heav'n ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue expanse,
 Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way ; the min'ral strata there ;
 Thrust blooming thence the vegetable world ;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals ; and higher still, the mind
 The vary'd scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
 But if to that unequal, if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition ; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
 Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ;
 And let me never, never stray from Thee !

SELECT THOUGHTS

AND

MORAL MAXIMS.

IF you happen into company where the talk runs into party, obscenity, scandal, folly, or vice of any kind, you had better pass for morose, or unsocial, among people whose good opinion is not worth having, than shock your own conscience, by joining in conversation which your reason must disapprove of.

He that is a slave to his passions, can never boast of liberty.

Of what service is it for us to know what passes in the hearts of others, if we are unacquainted with the movements of our own? Happy he, who having taken the trouble to examine himself, has acquired a perfect knowledge of his faults: the trouble which he has to correct them is little, the hardest task is over.

Wisdom and modesty attract not less the esteem of mankind, than folly and pride attract their ridicule and detestation.

Nothing is more sincere than conscience, nor more advantageous than its counsels.

Gamesters are a kind of thieves, which rob you without exposing themselves to the laws of their country.

M

He

He who intrusts his secrets to another, without having before assured himself of his probity and discretion, has but little reason to complain if he finds himself betrayed.

The infirmities and diseases of the body are often more efficacious than the doctrine of the most eloquent preachers, to detach us from the world, and lead us to the paths of virtue : but he who preserves his strength and vigour till his last moments, runs a great risque of carrying his vices to the grave.

Deserving to be happy is to be so in effect, even in spite of the frowns of fortune.

Govern with wisdom ; protect religion, without doing violence to those who profess another ; make justice reign, encourage the arts and sciences, procure plenty, and preserve peace ; this is, in short, the idea of a prince worthy to command.

It is hardly ever that mankind undertake any business for others, at the expence of their own rest.

A wise man despiseth not the counsel of any one : he is sensible that youth, poverty, &c. take not away the senses, and that the counsel of a poor man, by example, may lead to something excellent.

The study of history disposes us to meet the strange and various events of fortune, without betraying a surprise.

What

What shame for a throne, when we see it filled by a prince whose soul is base enough to be led by the voice of interest?

He who esteems his money more than his honour, is unworthy both of the one and the other.

The great attention that mankind pay to the faults of others, is the reason why so many die without having had leisure to consider their own.

The loss of time, though the most irreparable, is a loss that, of all others, disturbs us the least.

Peace is, of every good, most worthy of our wishes, our prayers, our labour, and our trouble: men think to gain it by amassing riches, and it is riches only that hinders them from enjoying it.

To pass from poverty to opulence, is nothing more than changing misery for misery.

He who is presumptuous enough to imagine he has no need of counsel, is a fool that is unworthy of pity when he falls into disgrace.

The most dangerous friend, and that we ought most to fear, is he who loads us with public praises.

Human nature is, without distinction, subject to misery. It is therefore impossible to exempt ourselves: and to complain when we find ourselves exposed to it, is murmuring against Him who has made us such as we are, in order to render us both virtuous and happy.

It is useless to disquiet ourselves, when the evils that threaten us are inevitable: to act with prudence is to submit ourselves to the will of Providence.

Consult Nature, she will learn you to be content without riches. Listen to Avarice, she will teach you to be poor and miserable in the midst of plenty.

It does not depend on ourselves to live in prosperity and affluence; but it is always in our power to soften the rigours of adversity by patience and resignation.

The mean to excite an emulation advantageous to the state, is to reward generously those who render it their services.

God declareth himself the Protector of the afflicted: To give succour to the wretched, is to resemble him as much as lies in our power.

The will to do good, without the power, is a virtue; but the power without the will is an unpardonable vice.

Praises which we do not deserve, shew what we ought to be; and are a silent reproof, which tells us we are wanting in those virtues we ought to possess.

He who labours to overcome his passions, cannot fail tasting the pleasures of repose.

Honour is often a heavy burthen upon the shoulders of those who are obliged to carry it. Ambition only renders the burthen light.

A preacher

A preacher who speaks more from example than precept, shews the way to heaven in a manner the most eloquent in the world.

If you would have a right account from illiterate people, let them tell their story in their own way : by putting them upon talking otherwise, you entirely confound them.

The scheme in most disputes, is to try who shall conquer or confound the other. It is therefore no wonder that so little light is struck out in conversation, where a candid enquiry after truth is often the least thing thought of.

Be prudently secret ; but don't affect to make a secret of what all the world may know ; nor give yourself airs of being as close as a conspirator : you will better disappoint idle curiosity, by seeming to have nothing to reveal.

Never blame a friend, without joining some commendation to make reproof go down.

It is by giving a loose to folly, in conversation and action, that people expose themselves to ridicule.

It is better in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject in dispute, than to keep up the contention to the disturbance of the company.

The best method of acquiring the accomplishment of a graceful and easy manner of expression, is attention, and imitation of well-bred people.

Flattery is a compound of falshood, selfishness, servility, and ill-manners. Who then would have

have any concern with him whose mind is deformed with four such vices?

If you must speak upon a difficult point, be the last speaker if you can.

You will not be agreeable to company, if you strive to introduce, or keep up, a subject unsuitable to their capacities or humour.

You will never convince a man of ordinary sense by overbearing his understanding. Shew some deference for his judgment, and your complaisance may win him.

Never contend about small matters with superiors, or inferiors: if you get the better of the first, you provoke their formidable resentment; if you engage with the latter, you debase yourself.

Superficial people are more agreeable the first time you are in their company, than afterwards. Men of judgment improve upon you every succeeding conversation. Beware therefore of judging by a first interview.

Most young Ladies had rather have any of their good qualities slighted, than their beauty: yet that is the most inconsiderable accomplishment of a woman of real merit.

You will always be reckoned by the world nearly of a stamp with those whose company you keep.

You will please so much the less, if you go into company determined to shine. Let your conversation appear to rise out of thoughts suggested by the occasion, not strained nor premeditated. Nature always pleases, affectation is always odious,

T H E

THE
CONCLUSION;
IN AN

ADDRESS to the DEITY.

FAther of light and life ! thou God Supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

F I N I S.

THE POLITE TRACTOR.

THE

CONCLUSION

IN AN

Address to the Dilettanti

